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Hugh Cecil.

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8, Grafton Street, W.1.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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INTRODUCING A NEW WHEAT

TO the outsider the introduction of a new wheat to the market appears to be a very simple matter. On the contrary, it is a very complicated process, and has been especially so in the case of Yeoman II, which has now been offered to the seed-merchants. We use the ordinary expression, but it does not quite accurately describe what has taken place. The Council of the National Institute of Agricultural Botany have resolved to offer for sale this autumn, through established dealers in seed corn, from two to three thousand quarters of the wheat which has been named Yeoman II. The dealers are to re-sell the wheat to farmers at the price of six guineas a quarter, less five per cent. discount for cash. Previous discoveries of the same kind as this new Yeoman have not been sold for general use with so much precaution. The reason for the change is interesting and important. The evolution of a new wheat or new seed of any kind is a long process. Professor Biffen has been working upon this wheat for many years: indeed, it has been kept in hand much longer than was its predecessor, the first Yeoman. But in the latter case there happened what had often happened before: a comparatively small quantity was sold for seed, and, once put on the market, the wheat rapidly loses its money value. To adapt the well known Tennysonian

line, "All can grow the wheat now, for all have got the seed." Thus the invention of a new wheat is placed at a great disadvantage in comparison with any other invention. The man who brings out a new piece of machinery is usually firmly guarded by a patent which no one can infringe without running a pretty certain risk of disaster. There is no regulation of that kind to protect anyone who places upon the market a new seed, because the very utilisation of the seed means the multiplication of the thing invented. The farmer may buy a bushel and, by simply growing it, become the possessor of a respectable stock for sale or cultivation the next year. This means that the money value of the invention, as an invention, is finished.

It is an injustice which is really felt in the case of the expert, and scarcely less when he works for a public institution. Professor Biffen's skill as a hybridiser and especially as a breeder of wheat needs neither description nor praise on our part, at any rate to those who are engaged in arable farming. It is only just to the latter to say that while they have profited by his previous discoveries, they have not failed to acknowledge their gratitude. Professor Biffen works for the Institute of Agricultural Botany, and his anxiety that his labour should meet with a substantial return is not in the slightest degree selfish. It arises solely from his desire that the funds of the Institute should be augmented. It is, as our readers know, only a child among our older agricultural organisations. When the building was put up work of that kind was very expensive, mainly because it was done in war-time, and the funds for carrying on the work have never been abundant. That is a matter which concerns every grower of cereals in Great Britain. Unless the Institute is able to obtain the services of first-rate experts in all departments it can never exert its potential strength as a help and educator of those engaged in husbandry. Yeoman II was held up so long in order that the stock should accumulate. This year's crop was grown for the Institute by thirty farmers in the Eastern Counties, mostly in Essex. Thus it is that the Council is able to offer for sale two or three thousand quarters. Applications for Yeoman II were, in July, invited from members of associations of seed-corn merchants and millers. The demand was so great that the Council could only allow each applicant half the quantity he desired.

Indirectly, the delay is an advantage to the growers, because, if the wheat is propagated as a part of ordinary farming operations, it has many chances of being deteriorated instead of being sown, cultivated, harvested and stored under the supervision of scientific experts who have been trained for the most exact and careful work. At several of its stages the wheat is liable to be adulterated, even when the owner's intentions are beyond suspicion. He, as a rule, is not absolutely careful about using clean bags, clean wagons, clean reaping machines and clean threshers. The word clean in this respect means that each of these appliances should be absolutely clear of inferior wheat or inferior grain of any kind that might cling to it. Workers on a farm have not been taught to shake the last handful of wheat out of a bag, to clean their threshing machines thoroughly, nor to bother about the remains of other wheat that may lie in the wagons in which the new is to be carried. Buyers can place the utmost dependency on the seed corn made by the Institute. That is a different matter, of course, from saying that it is of the highest quality. Perfect quality could not this year be secured. In making the offer the Council of the Institute take care to say that whatever faults there may be in the wheat do not lie with the growers, cleaners, nor the Institute, but solely with the weather, from which all farmers and seed merchants this year are fellow sufferers. Practical farmers know that perfectly well, but they also have the sense to understand that a new seed has come to them, and they are very unlikely to have any reason for regretting its purchase.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Baring, who is the eldest daughter of Viscountess Harcourt, and was married last Monday to the only son of Lord Ashburton.

COUNTRY NOTES.



IN our Correspondence columns to-day a letter is printed over the signatures of Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham, Lord Buxton and Lord Grey of Fallodon for the Executive Committee of the Hudson Memorial. After thanking the public for the generosity with which the appeal for funds has been met, not only in this country, but in North and South America, they go on to describe the situation as it stands at present. During the year elapsed since the idea for the memorial took shape, the prices of material and labour have been largely increased, and, to put the matter briefly, the funds in the new circumstances are insufficient. To meet the requirements another £300 is wanted, and it is hoped that all literary and natural history loving admirers of Hudson's work will come forward and close the gap. We hope that our readers will show their accustomed liberality in this respect. We would suggest that if 600 subscribers gave 10s. each, it would be a far greater tribute to W. H. Hudson than if one extremely generous individual handed over a cheque for £300.

LORD BALFOUR made a notable speech last week when he unveiled the memorial tablet to the late Earl St. Aldwyn, better known as Sir Michael Hicks Beach. He dealt with this famous parliamentarian as a great example of the country gentleman in politics. Sir Michael Hicks Beach was born in 1837, and his whole life was devoted to the service of his country. He was for forty-five years a member of the House of Commons, and for ten years a member of the House of Lords. Twice he held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and on the second occasion, of his own free will, surrendered it in order that Lord Randolph Churchill might have the opportunity of applying his very original talents to finance. Lord Balfour threw out two interesting suggestions. One was that a life of Lord St. Aldwyn was very much needed, and a hint that one was on the way. The second was quite as interesting as the first. Lord Balfour holds that no impartial writer has made a survey of the last twenty-five years of Queen Victoria's reign. This is quite true. Mr. Strachey's essay on Queen Victoria touches a little on politics, but his is not exactly the mind to approach politics without a bias that no doubt is unconscious, and therefore honest, but is a bias all the same.

ART'S relationship with Industry will be the keynote of the International Exhibition to be held in Paris from May to October next. The French Government has been quick to see that supremacy in many industries will go to the peoples that make the best use of their artists in giving form and seemliness to common things, and has summoned the nations to a tourney of practical aesthetics. The name of the Exhibition, "Modern Decorative and Industrial Art," reveals the width of its scope. It will

not be a show of "arts and crafts" in the ordinary meaning of the phrase. Handicraft will not be exalted above the product of the machine. Moreover, the bias of the organisers is all towards modernity of design. Reproductions of the antique will be rigorously excluded, however perfect the workmanship. Originality is to be the "open Sesame" to the exhibitor. Much will depend on how this principle is administered by those responsible for choosing exhibits which are to represent British art allied with industry. A false picture will be given if tradition is to be left out of account. Great Britain cannot, and ought not to try to, compete with the extravagance of design which passes in some countries for originality. Our manufacturers need to show a reasonable blend of tradition and invention in products that are frankly of to-day but in the line of a logical development. British participation is under the control of the Department of Overseas Trade aided by a representative General Council. It will be the task of this council's Committees of Experts to guide the potential exhibitor as to the character of exhibits that will both pass the originality test and present a fair picture of the best of our products.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY was a model of discretion when he visited Russia to report on the condition of the art treasures and museums. He was clearly aware of the delicacy of the ground on which he was standing, and wisely forbore asking unkind questions. His accounts, therefore, of the fabulous treasure amassed at Petrograd and Moscow by the Bolshevik Government read rather as extracts from the "Arabian Nights" than as articles in the *Daily Telegraph*. The policy of the Soviets has been to confiscate, not to destroy or even to sell. Even when mobs swept through the palaces nothing was stolen or hurt, a remarkable difference between the Russian and French revolutions. The Crown plate and jewels are intact—the rumour of their sale may have arisen from the sale of private jewels. Silver dinner services, tons of domestic objects, small and pathetic; acres and acres of second-rate pictures forlornly stacked, coaches, vestments, robes, ikons by the thousand. After the enumeration of some interesting pieces, such as the English plate of the Czar, and a few first-class pictures, Sir Martin draws the moral that the State gains little by the acquisition of all and sundry works of art wrenched from their personal setting. Halls full of little domestic treasures that would appear good and appropriate in a home are dreary, and represent "an immensity of grief which it made the heart sore to contemplate."

THE NEW MAIDS.

New maids have come to us to-day:
A cook called Anne; a housemaid, May.
And, if the old belief is true,
Their guardian angels came here too.
How strange to think that unawares
I meet those angels on the stairs;
Or that they greet with secret sign
That other angel which is mine;
Till, "notice" given by Anne and May,
They spread white wings and float away.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

ON Saturday last there took place at Richmond a very pleasant and friendly ceremony, when the Mid-Surrey Golf Club entertained J. H. Taylor at dinner and made a presentation to him commemorating his twenty-five years of service as the club's professional. The guest of the evening spoke very touchingly and as admirably as he always does. Taylor had won two championships before he went to the Old Deer Park, he has won three since, and he came very, very near to winning a fourth this summer. He was the first of the great "triumvirate" to burst upon the golfing world, and he shows signs of lasting the longest, perhaps because no other golfer ever had so indomitable a "will to victory." It is impossible to conceive him taking golf easily; as long as he can stand he will try to win. It is now almost exactly thirty years since the writer, then in his first year at Cambridge, first saw Taylor play golf at

Mildenhall. To a hero-worshipping young golfer it was an unforgettable event. The way in which he played seemed, in an indefinable way, different from the way in which anybody else played. Familiarity with that spectacle has never bred even the mildest boredom. It is as exciting now as it was then. Golf will always be good fun to watch as long as John Henry Taylor plays it.

HALF London seemed to be bound for Twickenham last Saturday when the New Zealanders played their first London match. Their opponents were a miscellaneous team, better perhaps individually than collectively, representing London football. Up to half-time the London men made a match of it : in the second half they went down with a rather humiliating bump, and were roundly beaten in the end by thirty-one points to six. Learned and comforting persons continue to point out that which is true, namely, that our visitors play mostly against "scratch" sides, and to prophesy that in the English International side they will meet their masters. This last may or may not be true, but the man in the street cannot but be impressed by the long unbroken list of victories, most of them won by very large margins, and he will not really believe in the New Zealanders being beaten till he sees it done. Meanwhile the member of the Newport team who, by one careless kick at the end of the match, robbed his club of victory against these terrible men in black must want to kick himself harder and harder every week as he realises what a chance was lost that day.

IT appears from the report of the meeting between the Lawn Tennis Association and the Referees Association that certain players of lawn tennis do not know how to behave. If everybody were perfect, no one would ever lose his temper over a game. As people are human, some allowance must be made, and there are obviously degrees of turpitude. That a man should occasionally, in the heat of the moment, swear at himself is human, though he ought not to do it so that the public can hear him. That he should abuse his partner, whether male or female, is lamentable, and his partners have it in their own hands to punish him by never playing with him again. Least pardonable of all is the offence of abusing the umpire or, indeed, of showing by as much as a shrug of the shoulders dissent from his rulings. We shou'd have hought that the sacredness of the umpire's decision had been learned once and for all by every schoolboy. If it has not, it is high time it was emphasised. We have no notion who are these lawn tennis "black sheep" to whom we read allusions, but we shall certainly have no sympathy with them, however eminent they may be as players, however stern may be the disciplinary measures taken against them.

THROUGH the sudden and premature death of the Right Hon. E. S. Montagu, the world of birds has lost a powerful friend and protector. His untiring efforts with regard to the Plumage Bill are well known and show that his interest in birds was not merely insular. From his undergraduate days Hickling was his playground. Though at one time a great collector, yet, since 1908, his best energies have been spent in protecting such rare species of birds as are still left to us. When a young man he spent many pleasant days tramping over the marshes in pursuit of knowledge and sometimes spent week-ends in a house-boat near Heigham Sounds. In recent years the few days of relaxation which he was able to snatch out of a strenuous life never seemed too long for him. "That ain't no trouble to get Mr. Montagu up in the early morning," one of the keepers said only last year. From grey dawn to purple dusk the familiar figure, perched on a shooting stool, in a long, slim duck-punt, might be seen stealing down the Broad or threading the quiet waterways where the wild fowl skulk. Latterly Mr. Montagu became a keen fisherman and spent many a restful hour among the haunts dear to anglers. There he could watch the birds he befriended as they flew to and fro overhead, or slipped through the tangled sedges in search of food. It is hard to realise that so ardent a lover of the Broadland has said good-bye to the

place he loved, to the marshmen whom he understood so well.

THE story of the purchase of the woodland and ponds of the Ken Wood estate is a striking illustration of public spirit. It will be remembered in future generations that, at a time when the country had not recovered from the abnormal expenditure due to warfare, there were contributors of great sums to the scheme. As usual, a donor who preferred to be anonymous led the way with a contribution of £25,000, a sum which was doubled by Mr. W. Whittingham of Harrogate, and supported by £20,000 from Mr. F. R. Minoprio of Liverpool, £20,000 from Mr. T. W. Wilkinson of Carnforth and £4,000 from Mr. W. M. MacKean. It seems that the deciding factor in most of the cases was a visit to Hampstead Heath and a survey of the beautiful property that is now added to it. The project had been on foot for little over five years. The idea at first was to buy the whole of the Ken Wood property, but the amount required, £340,000, or £1,560 an acre, was too much for the time—one of labour troubles and general financial anxiety. So this scheme was given up, and eventually negotiations were opened on a new basis. The final appeal was for £135,000, and it met with a very liberal response. We do not think that future generations will regard the expenditure as too heavy. There is no open space in London that has the natural beauty and close associations of Hampstead Heath. The alternative to purchasing Ken Wood would have been the selling of the land for building purposes, and the Heath would not have remained very long what it has been to London.

THE OLD AFRICAN.

He's looking from the taffrail on the slowly fadin' land,
Where dhows lie beached, an' palm-trees wave, an' fair, white
houses stand ;
He bids them all "Good-bye," as the boat swings through the
harbour-mouth,
For he knows he'll never see again this country o' the south.
Many a tide has ebb'd an' flow'd since first he saw this quay ;
He'd never been a-roamin' then—what wonders would he
see ? . . .

He trekked the land for many a year from Kilwa to the Lake,
From the Tana down to Lindi—ay, an' now 'tis hard to break.

For there's much become a part o' him . . . the sight o'
native huts . . .
Cicalas in the grass . . . the sound o' fallin' coconuts . . .
The song o' carriers on the track . . . the cool that evenin'
sends . . .
The March rains on the iron roofs . . . an', most o' all,
old friends.

He's like a tree that's rooted there, an' grown all strong an'
sound,
An' suddenly he's taken up to set in different ground ;
It's goin' to be a new life now beneath another sky—
But will he flourish in new soil, or wither down an' die ?

MALCOLM HEMPHREY.

MR. HUGH GLADSTONE has been trying to solve the lapwing difficulty by sending out queries to the readers of *British Birds*. They have furnished him with forty-eight replies, which show a considerable divergence of opinion. Twenty-eight hold that the species would benefit if the taking of lapwings' eggs were prohibited, twenty say "No" to that opinion. Twenty-four are against the taking of lapwings' eggs up to April 15th, nine are neutral, and fifteen think it would benefit this species. As it is, the subject has not been carried by the forty-eight correspondents any further than the excellent summary of the case by Mr. M. Portal, published in our issue of October 25th.

THE award of the R.I.B.A. Street Architecture Medal for 1923 to Mr. Frank Verity will meet with universal approval. The building which earned the prize was the Shepherd's Bush Pavilion Cinema, familiar to many motorists, with its noble masses of brickwork and long barrel vaulted roof. Mr. J. A. Gotch, the president, congratulated the architect on the simplicity, soberness

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and dignity of the building, particularly noticeable in a cinema theatre; a class of building in which "I take it that architects are sometimes carried away by the zeal of their clients to do that which, in their calmer moments

. . . they might have altered." Mr. Verity owned to having always admired Roman and Italian brickwork, and to have been continually inspired, when designing this building, by the Roman Thermæ.

The SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE HOUNDS

WINNERS OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1924.



DOG HOUNDS.

ALTHOUGH the early history of the South Staffordshire hounds is somewhat obscure, and "Baily" makes no offer to tell us any more than that the Hunt dates its existence from 1805, it is virtually certain that, though it was not known by its present title until 1826, when Mr. Chadwick of New Hall, Sutton Coldfield, took over a portion of the Atherstone country from Lord Anson, this region had been hunted for a very considerable period by some pack of hounds enjoying a separate identity.

The only attempt at anything in the way of a short history of the South Stafford Hunt that I have come across is a little

Of "Squire" Osbaldeston, who undoubtedly hunted part of the present South Staffordshire country during his period of mastership of the Atherstone (1815-17), it has been said that he never would go out hunting with a bad pack of hounds, and it is not, perhaps, necessary to recall the fact that he went on from the Atherstone to the Quorn (in 1817) and took his hounds—or some of them, at any rate—with him. Whether any of the forebears of Osbaldeston's famous Furrier (by Belvoir Saladin out of Osbaldeston's Fallacy) ever broke up a South Staffordshire fox, I do not pretend to know, but I should think that it is highly probable! The connection of the South Staffordshire with the Quorn—and I mention this connection purposefully, as it is a peg upon which I am meaning to hang some further remarks upon the quality of the hound needed to catch a fox in this country—does not halt with "Squire" Osbaldeston, for the Mr. Chadwick mentioned as the first Master who hunted the South Stafford as the South Stafford and who took over a part of the Atherstone country in 1826 from Lord Anson was succeeded by Mr. Pole Shawe, who took over Mr. Chadwick's

brochure written by Mr. William Scarth Dixon. The author does not go into any very extended detail, and this is understandable, as he was restricted somewhat as to space; but he is very interesting reading, nevertheless, and obviously has taken great pains to verify his facts and figures.

The outstanding thing which emerges from these records of the past is that, no matter who it was hunted this territory, he found it advisable to have a stout pack of hounds with which to do it.



W. A. Rouch.

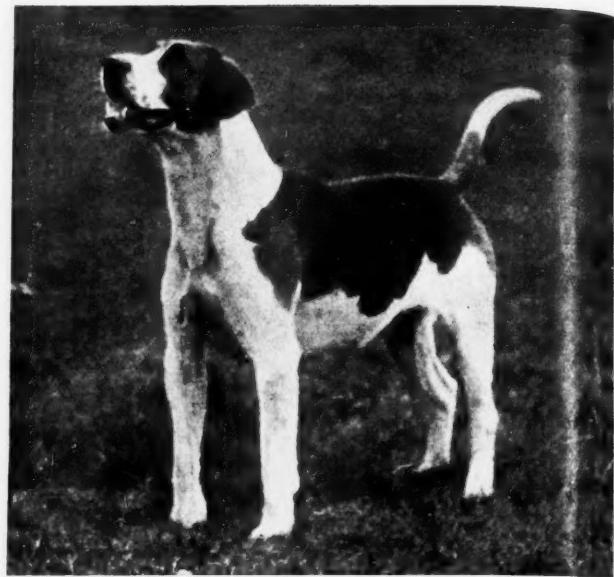
MAJOR ANSON WITH HIS HOUNDS.

Copyright.

hounds and eventually, in 1832, sold them to Sir Harry Goodricke, who was then the new Master of the Quorn. Goodricke would not have bought these South Stafford hounds if he had not held a very high opinion of them, for, as history tells us, he was most anxious that his mastership of the premier pack should be one of great brilliance and achievement. A fact not frequently mentioned and not widely known is that Sir Harry Goodricke, during his mastership, discarded the name "Quorn" and called the hounds "Sir Harry Goodricke's." The fact of his buying the Chadwick pack is, I opine, a high certificate of the quality of hound that was then hunting foxes in South Stafford, and I further think that we may say that this high standard of quality has been maintained.

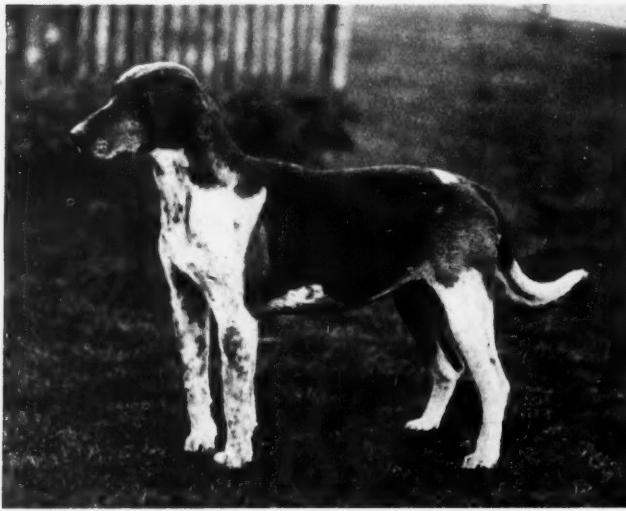
I mention these facts because they show us that two famous Masters of the Quorn found that the hound that would answer well in South Stafford was good enough for the best country in the world. The Quorn mastership was then, as it still may be, the Mecca of the hunting aspirant's ambition, and neither Osbaldeston nor Goodricke would have taken a bad hound to the galloping grass. It is perfectly certain that they did not, for during the two masterships of Osbaldeston and the lavish reign of Goodricke the Quorn showed great sport.

After the sale of the Chadwick (Pole Shawe) pack the South Stafford, as a separate entity, disappeared, and it was not until Lord Henry Paget, afterwards the fourth Lord Anglesey, came on the scene, about 1865-68, that the pack was revived. I see that "Baily" says that it was not until 1865 that these hounds were called the South Stafford, but I think that it is probable that Mr. Scarth Dixon is quite correct in placing the date at 1826, that of Mr. Chadwick's mastership, for it is fairly obvious that they were not then called the Derbyshire Subscription Pack and were a separate entity from the Atherstone. The point is worth noting, and I suggest that "Baily" is incorrect.



DENMARK, THIS YEAR'S CHAMPION AT PETERBOROUGH.

old lot had been dispersed. Lord Anglesey carried on till 1872 and was then succeeded by Major J. M. Browne (the owner, incidentally, of Hall Court, which made a great bid to beat The



W. A. Rouch.

SINFUL.

Lord Henry Paget's (Lord Anglesey's) hounds were a new pack collected from various sources—they had to be, for the



CONQUEST.

Copyright.

Colonel in the Grand National of 1869). Major Browne had them for thirteen years, and retired in 1885.

This is the year when the late Sir Charles Forster and his brother (then Mr. F. V. Forster, now Sir Francis Villiers Forster) took over, and the history of the pack as it is to-day dates from then.

The kennels were moved from Fosway, where Major Browne had had them, to the present position near Longdon Grange, where at that time Sir Francis Villiers Forster lived and the present Lord Anglesey, who joined him, built new kennels. The new Masters at once set about getting fresh blood, and the packs to which they went first were the New Forest, the Burton and the Berkeley. Sir Charles Forster carried on in joint partnership with his brother till 1902, and he died ten years later, his brother, the present M.F.H., succeeding to the baronetcy.

I think one may say that it was from about 1902 that the South Stafford began to be the fine pack which they are to-day, for the Master was, as he still is, a great enthusiast, with the knowledge necessary to guide his enthusiasm into the right channels. Sir Francis Villiers Forster has made a lifelong study of the breeding of the foxhound, and there will not be found many who will venture to deny that his patient efforts, coupled with his sound knowledge of his subject, have earned him a just reward. The South Stafford hounds, as they are to-day, are as good-looking and as good as are to be found anywhere in the three kingdoms.

Although the three packs just mentioned were the first to be indentured upon for an infusion of new blood, Sir Villiers Forster has always had a fondness for the Welsh hound, and he has gone, and still goes, to Mr. Edward Curre's famous pack of almost all-white hounds. It is the only pack of its kind in the world,



BLOATER.

and then Sir Villiers white st all white good bit The of this y pionship brough there is all I fea indeed brough for the m 24ins., a 2 forme Stirling quality and set a houn sees to it frequan square knuckle whi am su out of wa bre is rea for gal peo fox. H the Ra in its Rend on in a big ba in a hea in a tarsus success, Longdo as the gl in fact, you cou Saladin hounds to the mark Sapphi bitch, with D than au It record mark proude The fa I am si situati aptly ! Th South from t with S class a were so couple Maid, in 190 at tha for sin maid, at Lo saddle her. She w of bro year, year o type o S one w bitch Rioto hound Most favou they prejudi an b

Nov. 22nd, 1924.

and there are only a few now in kennel that are not pure white. Sir Villiers Forster has one or two that are from Mr. Curre's white stallion hounds. The South Stafford Bloater is almost all white and is by Mr. Curre's Blazgrave; and there is another good bitch, Needful out of Charity.

The big star, however, is, of course, Denmark, the winner of this year's championship at Peterborough and also the champion for the best stallion hound. After the judges at Peterborough have said that a hound is the best in all England there is little left for anyone else to add, yet it is always a pleasant thing to pay tribute where tribute is due. I think that all I feel inclined to say is that it would have been strange indeed if the sage judges at Peterborough had not singled out Denmark for these high honours. He is not of the massive type—he is only about 24ins., and nothing like the giant that a former champion, the Linlithgow and Stirling Raider, is, but he is all over quality: a faultless neck and shoulders, and set on his legs as one likes to see a hound. So many hounds that one sees to-day stand over so much that it frequently gives them the appearance of weakness. Denmark stands squarely on his feet and does not knuckle over as do many of those who find high favour in high places. I am sure that this has got to be bred out of the foxhound, and why ever it was bred in I do not know. Denmark is not only good to look at, he is a real foxhound in the field, and no better has ever stooped to a scent or galloped on and finally broken up his fox. He is entirely S.S. bred, being by the Random out of their Dewdrop. He inherits his pugnacious qualities from old Random, who, when Major Anson was once in some perplexity as to how to get a big badger out of a stick heap, crawled into himself and, getting Brock's whole head in his mouth, drew him out like a brush extracting a worm. As a sire Denmark is a big success, and there are three of his sons on the flags at Longdon which do him the greatest credit, the more so as the bitch Sapphire is by no means one's ideal of the glass of fashion and the mould of form. Sapphire, in fact, is just about as plain a lady as you could imagine, but her sons, Sailor, Saladin and Samson, are very fine young hounds indeed, and have marked strongly to the sire. These three sons of Denmark are the more remarkable as Sapphire is an old and rather undersized bitch, and I was told that mating her with Denmark was more an experiment than aught else. It has been a big success.

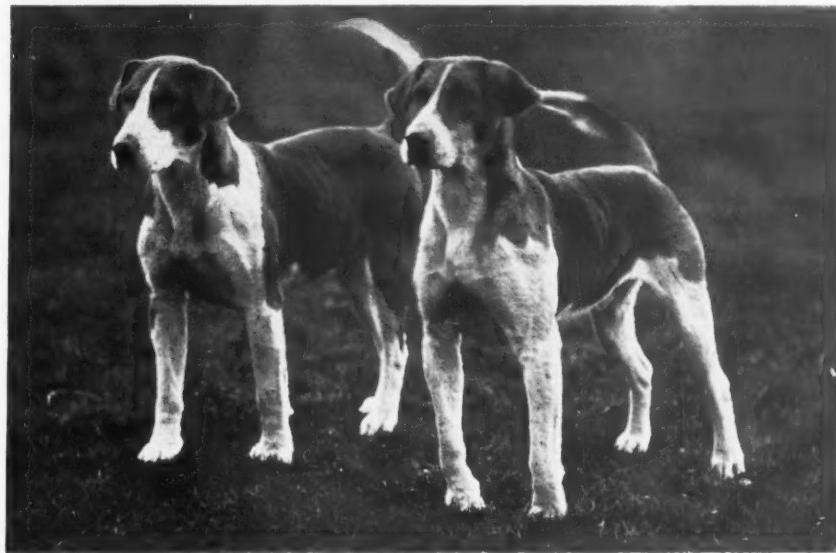
It is, I opine, hardly necessary to record that the day upon which Denmark won at Peterborough was the proudest one in Sir Villiers Forster's life. The family motto is " Sit Forster Felix." I am sure that it never applied to any situation during the family history more aptly!

This win was not, however, the South Stafford's first triumph. I see from the records that in 1905 they won with Sportive in the best unentered bitch class at Peterborough, and in 1906 they were second in the class for the best two couple of entered bitches with Dairy Maid, Damsel, Silence and Royalty, and in 1907 scored with Stentor, the winner at that year's puppy show in the class for single unentered dog hounds. Barmaid, a beautiful bitch now on the flags at Longdon, a hound with a black saddle and very little tan about her, has some of Stentor in her. She was conspicuous in a strong class of brood bitches at Peterborough this year, though she was conceding a year or two to all her competitors, and is a remarkably good type of foxhound.

Space does not permit of one's doing as much justice as one would desire to this fine pack, individually, but I saw three bitches—Ringlet, Ringdove and Risky (own sisters), out of Riotous by the Atherstone Villager. No article about these hounds would be complete without a tribute to this old bitch. Most huntsmen, professional as well as amateur, have their favourites, which they often regard as paragons, and, after all, they are the people who ought to know. That it is not all prejudice on the Masters' part where this bitch is concerned can be understood from the fact that Will Davis, the kennel

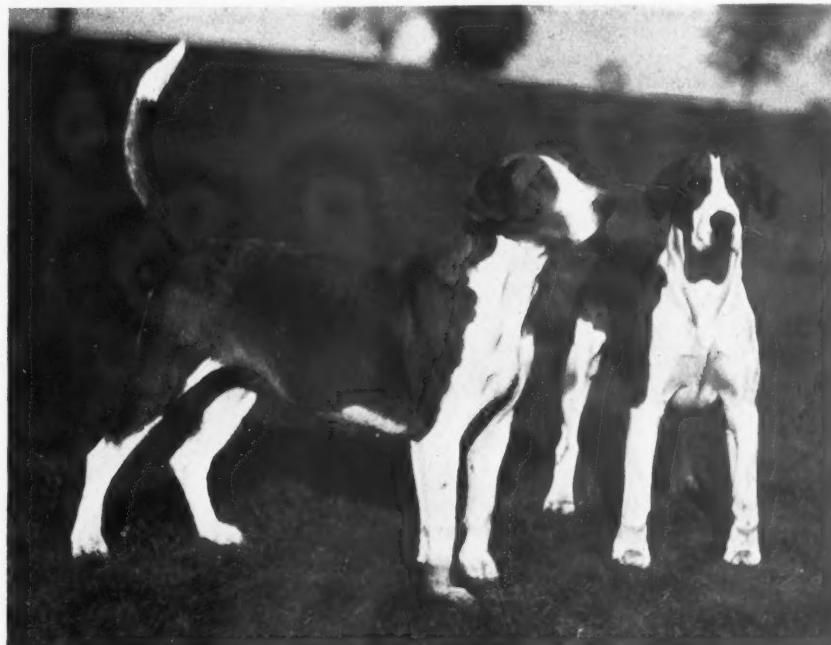
huntsman, with nearly forty years' experience of half the kennels in England, says that he never saw her equal: no huntsman was wanted when she was out, and her progeny take after her. Sinful, a bitch full of fashion, by the Atherstone Sinbad out of the South Stafford Constance, is by Mr. Curre's Coroner, and would, I think, hold her own anywhere, and is a possible future winner at Peterborough. There is also Bauble, out of Barmaid, who is, I should say, bound to make her mark; and Conquest and Chanter, out of Riotous by Rioter, by the Belvoir Rioter, who are also hounds it would be very difficult to fault.

The Masters have every reason to be proud of these hounds. Sir Villiers Forster was joined in 1920 by Major George Anson, M.C.,



CHANTER (LEFT) AND CONQUEST.

of Catton Hall, who is in the Staffordshire Yeomanry and was all through the great cavalry operations in Palestine, and after the "Cease Fire" sounded and the cavalry were away north in Syria, was Master of a noble pack which was called by many names, as it moved about the country a good bit. They hunted



W. A. Reuch.

RINGLET (LEFT) AND RISKY.

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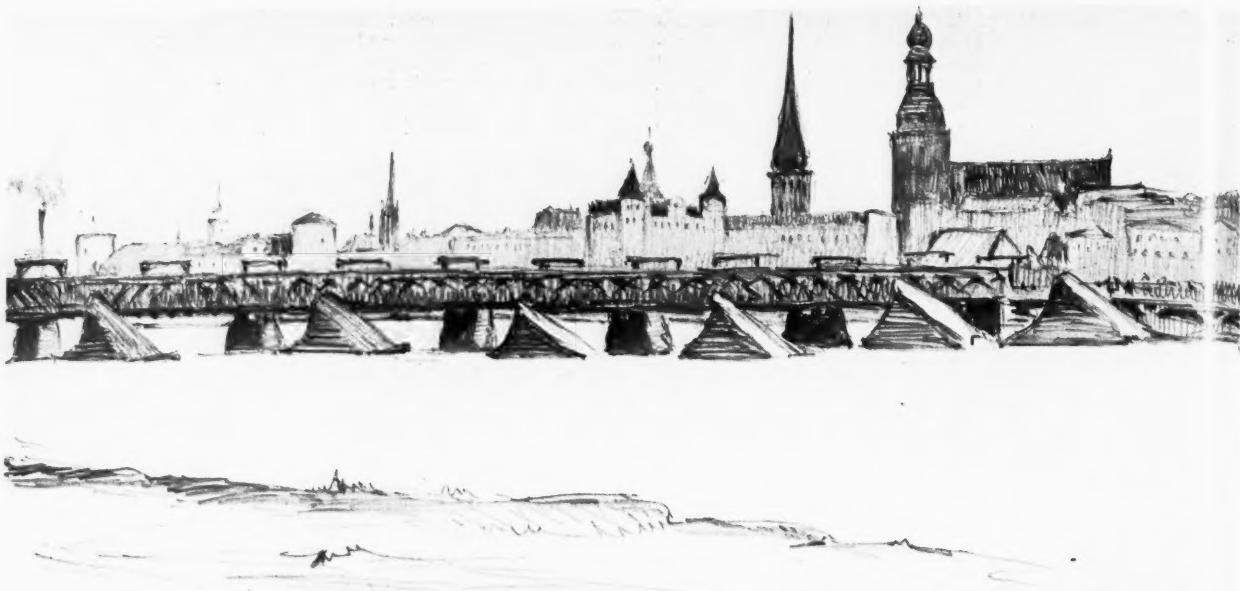
wolves, jackals, foxes and hares—it was hard to classify their quarry.

Major Anson hunts hounds himself and does it uncommonly well. Sir Villiers, by the way, is a kinsman of Surtees, the Thackeray of the hunting field, for his great-great-grandfather on the maternal side was Surtees' father. High tribute is due to Will Davis, the kennel huntsman, who has just cause to be proud of the condition of his hounds, and no better man has ever had charge of hounds, in kennel or out of it. It was a real pleasure to visit this pack, and it is no over-statement of fact to say that they are as good in the field as they are on the flags. That, after all, is the supreme test.

HARBOURGH.

IN RIGA, THE CAPITAL OF THE LETTS

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.



LÜBECK BRIDGE.

DESPITE the famous limerick of the lively young lady from Riga, who went for a ride on a tiger, you must pronounce it "Reega." The great city of the Baltic has a gentler sounding name than those people think who will say Ryga. It rhymes graciously for the Lettish poets hymning the praise of their ancient capital.

Yet there are those who say they know all about Riga and Ryga, but nothing about Latvia. The Latvian Minister told me an amusing story at a farewell luncheon given to him recently by the Baltic Circle in London. A case was proceeding in the High Court, and mention was made of Latvia.

"Before we go on," said the judge, "be good enough to tell us what is Latvia."

"It is one of the new Balkan States, my lord," was the reply, and the case went on. Latvia is the country of the Letts, and the Letts are a sub-division of the ancient Lithuanian race. Letts are Protestants; Lithuanians are Catholics—and their languages are as close akin as Portuguese and Spanish. The Letts are a new nation, but an old race. Never before in the world's history has there been a State of Latvia. And when the Great War began Latvia was entirely unforeseen. Yet we have now a republic of several years standing on a fair and not unprosperous land. The Letts of to-day, with their independence, have received a goodly inheritance of cities and towns, railways,

bridges, markets. Latvia is not in a primitive state; it is well shod with stone, it possesses very fine buildings of all kinds. And Riga, its capital, is one of the finest cities of Central Europe. It has the greatest amount of trade of all the cities of the Baltic.

Riga was built by the Germans and Russians of several centuries. Though the red-peaked North German roofs and narrow spires give the dominant note, there is an extraordinary diversity of styles and contours. The old cathedral was built early in the thirteenth century; St. Peter's church, with its hatpin steeple four hundred and sixty feet high, dates from 1406. There are magnificent old guild houses and exchanges. The observant eye realises quite easily the ancient Hanseatic town behind the modern capital with its constructional iron and its white façades. The twentieth century offices and shops and warehouses have a seventeenth century background. It is a great city of business where vast districts have the drabness of Berlin. But the business aspect is happily lost in the spacious public gardens and parks, and it is forced into a second place by manifold architectural grandeur expressive of Teuton and Slav. By common consent Riga is a very pleasant place. It is larger, cleaner, and more beautiful than Reval, the capital of Estonia; softer, more human, more cultured, than Helsingfors, the Finnish capital. It is incomparably superior to Kovno, the capital of neighbouring Lithuania. Some people even prefer it to

Warsaw. It is so much better than Kovno that some European diplomats, sent to study the situation in Lithuania, prefer to do so from a base at Riga rather than take up their abode in the sister capital. Cost of living has no doubt some persuasive power. Latvia is one of the cheapest of countries to live in. A room in a first-class hotel costs three or four shillings. It is not difficult to live in comfort on ten shillings a day, whereas in Lithuania it would cost a pound and in Warsaw thirty shillings a day.

Latvia has stabilised her currency and has issued a remarkably



THE CATHEDRAL.

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TS

charming national coinage of lats, something like our Victorian sixpences in design, but much larger and possessing perhaps more silver than an English shilling. The lat has a hundred santims, a nickel coinage. But, it should be said, there are also paper roubles, fifty of them to a lat, and the people as a whole have not yet disaccustomed themselves from thinking in roubles. As a convenience for travellers, there are bureaus at some of the railway stations where a very fair exchange is given for other currencies.

I spent a pleasant summer in the Baltic States this year, and scarcely met one Englishman the whole time. I never once overheard the American accent in a hotel. Possibly, it is considered unsafe to travel in these parts of Europe; but, of course, as far as Latvia is concerned, she has herself to blame in this respect. She discourages pleasure travel to her shores. The visa has not been easy to obtain and it has been expensive. It has been thought that, as Latvia grows no wheat of her own, it would be a mistake to encourage idle people to come there and help to eat up their food supply. This fallacy was exploded



LIELA TROKSHNU IELA.

in several newspapers this year, and it was pointed out how advantageous it would have been to have received into the country a flow of dollars and pounds from tourists. Such a flow is decidedly helpful to both France and Italy, and might with profit be applied to little Latvia.

Latvia, and especially Riga, is a very clean country. The Letts are like the Finns in that they have a deep-rooted habit of cleanliness. Waste paper and rubbish do not litter the streets. One can count upon a clean bed in a hotel and an absence of insects. In this how unlike Russians, Poles and even Lithuanians!

Of the Western European languages, German is the most useful, though it is not now encouraged as a medium of conversation. Returned Lettish-Americans speak a kind of English. English, it must be confessed, is painfully rare; French is rare also. Russian is extremely useful. Riga is a three-language city. Most notices and advertisements are in three languages, some in four—Lettish, German, Russian and Yiddish. Cinema explanations are frequently given in all four, so it takes longer



AN OLD HOUSE ON THE RIVER FRONT.

to show a film drama. The use of the various languages is fairly free, but Lettish is the first and obligatory language in schools. Lettish makes progress at the expense of the other languages. Many books and newspapers appear in it. As



THE SCHLOSSPLATZ.

nearly everyone, however, knows Russian at least as well as his own language, he naturally recurs to its use.

The republic is strongly nationalistic, but it is democratic. There is no fashion in Riga, no ostentation of a ruling class. Officers look like private soldiers. Neither army nor police are in the least terrifying in aspect. As one

sits in an open-air café in the gardens and watches the great crowd surging by, one is struck with its drabness, its equality, its cosmopolitanism. Strange that in this greatly mixed Western Russia nationalistic republics have come into being, while in the purer nationalistic depths of the motherland it has been chosen to try the wild experiment of internationalism!

Moscow at one time thought that Latvia was an advanced Communist pawn. She warmly hailed the Baltic republic as "Red Latvia" and thought that eventually Latvia would assuredly enter the U.S.S.R. In that Moscow has been mistaken. Business interests hold the new state true to Western Europe. Nevertheless, there is peace between Bolshevik Russia and Latvia. The latter is too poor a state to attract the spoiler. It is largely without grain. Poland and Bessarabia, being great granaries, attract far more covetous attention from Russia than the northern republics. Latvia is also naturally eager that the Russians shall continue to use Riga as a port of export. In the winter Bolshevik Russia has now no ice-free Baltic port; she must export to Latvia or Estonia for re-export to Hamburg or London, and this transit trade is highly important for Latvia.

The economic position of the little republic is, nevertheless, far from assured. Its railways are designed for Russian, not for Lettish development. Its urban populations are too large

—its Russians remain unassimilated. As a contrast to Riga one might take Dvinsk, the Russian fortress-town, now renamed Daugavpils, perhaps the second largest city of the republic. It is a quiet and picturesque old town on the Dvina, from which it takes its name. But it suffers acutely from closed frontiers and

almost useless railways. It was formerly in the midst of a free and open Empire; now it is hemmed in by the dangerous Soviet frontier on the one hand, the dead Lithuanian and the moribund Polish frontier. Its many Jews are unhappy, for they cannot sell their goods. Its many Russians cannot readily reconcile themselves to a new state which affords them little scope. "The whole difficulty," said one to me, "is that these countries are designed by the Allies as obstructions to Bolshevism; but we cannot live unless we can be understood as bridges and means of transit. Our life-force depends on having all our former frontiers wide open and goods and people streaming through, streaming across." Dead Russia deadens all the border states as a corpse would tied to the side of a living man.

The Allies' advice is "Forget Russia, forget the corpse, enter the Western comity of nations, trade with us, and we will give you life." Latvia puts a brave face on matters and does her best. She would like the League of Nations to guarantee her independence, but, failing that, she works for the re-establishment of the idea of the Hanseatic League, a strongly bound alliance of the four Baltic States for mutual defence. Such, in brief, is the position of the Letts, whose great and beautiful city of Riga, once called the capital of the Amber country, is now the capital of their republic.

Illustrations from Sketches by Mrs. E. M. Dineley.

WHIP AND SPUR

EVERYBODY who rides does well to have a whip, stick or crop in their hands, but no one should use them as a means of punishment. There are, certainly, occasions with lazy horses when "touch up" is desirable. In fact, with horses of lethargic temperament it is necessary to wake them up at times. But these occasions are the exception, and the application of either whip or spur requires neither rules to guide nor experience to teach when riding such as these beyond the fact that, if a horse must be hit, he should be hit near the buttock, avoiding the ribs, the hips, or any bony part. Such horses are not worth riding, anyway; and the sooner we get hold of something more interesting the better.

Let us drop these exceptions and discuss normal horses. The whip is used most often when jumping, and particularly when the horse is refusing, and the following questions are often asked: When a horse won't jump, when should he be hit? Should we hit him while his nose is looking over the fence (or eating it!) and hold him there, or should we turn him round and hit him with his back to the fence? Or, again, should we wait until we have re-faced him, and hit him then? If so, when should he be hit? Directly he starts off, and continuing until he gets to the take off, or wait until he actually should make the spring? Or, again, is it right to turn his head away at all? Is it not better to rein back until we get far enough away to shove him at it again with a good reminder added as interest?

Before directly answering these questions, let us survey the facts for a moment. It has been pointed out in other articles that the right solution with refusers is to lower the rail or to make the fence smaller or to jump a smaller fence. But when this cannot be done, we must get over the difficulty in some other way. The first rule to remember is that a horse refuses, probably, because he dislikes jumping, consequently we are hardly likely to increase his love by hitting him—"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs!" Our first idea should be to make him enjoy it, and punishment is hardly compatible with happy memories. All our training should have pleasant associations as its slogan.

It is, of course, often quite easy to train a young horse to jump on these lines; but what does really annoy us is the old horse which can jump and knows all about it, but won't jump. What is to be done then? Why shouldn't he have a jolly good belting. He well deserves it (and, I may say, he usually gets it).

Well, now, before we decide he deserves it, let us think why he is refusing. The usual reasons are that he is too fresh, has not been jumping for some time, or that the fence is new to him. All these reasons can be overcome quite easily. If he is too fresh, a "pipe opener" will soon put that right. If he has not been jumping for some time, then we should take him away and pop him over some simple obstacles, and we will very soon get rid of that trouble. If it is because the fence is too novel or too big, then get someone to give us a lead and the problem is solved without difficulty. If, in spite of all this, he is still refusing, then it may be due to corns or sore shins, or, worse than all, to our own bad riding. But, whatever is the reason, the whip is no solution.

When a horse is jumping he wants all his attention on what he is doing, and we should do nothing to distract him or to get him to take his eyes off the obstacle. Consequently, hitting him while approaching a fence is quite the wrong moment. To hit him when his back is turned to it is merely silly. What we do want to do is to give him encouragement and to help him to make up his mind when he should take off. So that the only use of the whip should be to tap him on the shoulder on the side to which he is inclined to refuse just at the moment of take off. It is not necessary to rein back refusers. They can well be turned round and re-put at the fence; but to whip them after they have actually refused is asking for trouble.

This method of tapping a horse on the shoulder applies equally when finishing a race. Enough has already been written about the hundreds of races that have been lost by the injudicious use of the whip, and it is unnecessary further to emphasise the point here. All we need say is that good jockeys know when a horse is doing his best, and the only way to get the final supreme effort out of him is to tap him on the shoulder and, perhaps, speak to him; but if we hit him, we only stop him. Punishment under such circumstances is so utterly abhorrent to any sportsman that it is seldom seen nowadays in good racing circles. But, unfortunately, we still see many riders who are less experienced lose their heads and the race by very regrettable exhibitions. I think it would be a very good thing if the Jockey Club and the Stewards of the N.H.C. would issue a rule that no jockey should carry anything else than a standard pattern cane. This standard should be such that it would be strong enough for encouragement only, and would break directly much force was used. I believe if this rule were brought in, it would save owners many thousands a year.

1924.

We often see steeplechase riders using sharp spurs, and this practice is very much to be deprecated. Not only is it wrong to use sharp spurs when jumping steeplechase fences, but it is wrong in the show ring and in the hunting field. Polo players have long recognised this fact. No one, however careful he may be, can be sure not to draw blood when jumping fences and when hunting; the foot caught in a bullfinch may easily cause a nasty wound. The whole point about the sharp spur is that it is quite unnecessary at any pace faster than the walk. A horse when jumping a steeplechase fence probably does not feel the spur at the moment, any more than we should notice the sting of a bee when being pursued by a rhinoceros, and therefore its application is without effect. But after the race is

over it is pitiable to see his bleeding flanks—and all for no purpose! The sharp spur is very useful in training young horses in the riding school to answer to the leg, but that is all. Once that has been taught, the sharp spur should never more be used, and a blunt one should take its place. Let us, therefore, put away all our instruments of torture and ride our horses with fresh ideas: ideas of sympathy and understanding, and determination that both we and our horses shall be happy together. Let us remember the old, old rule: Make your horse comfortable and he will make you comfortable. And let us extend that a little farther. Let us realise that the horse will do anything we ask of him provided he understands.

M. F. McTAGGART (Lieut.-Col.).



H. Barrett.

OVER THE PLOUGH.

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CHARTRES, AND THE EVOLUTION OF FRENCH SCULPTURE

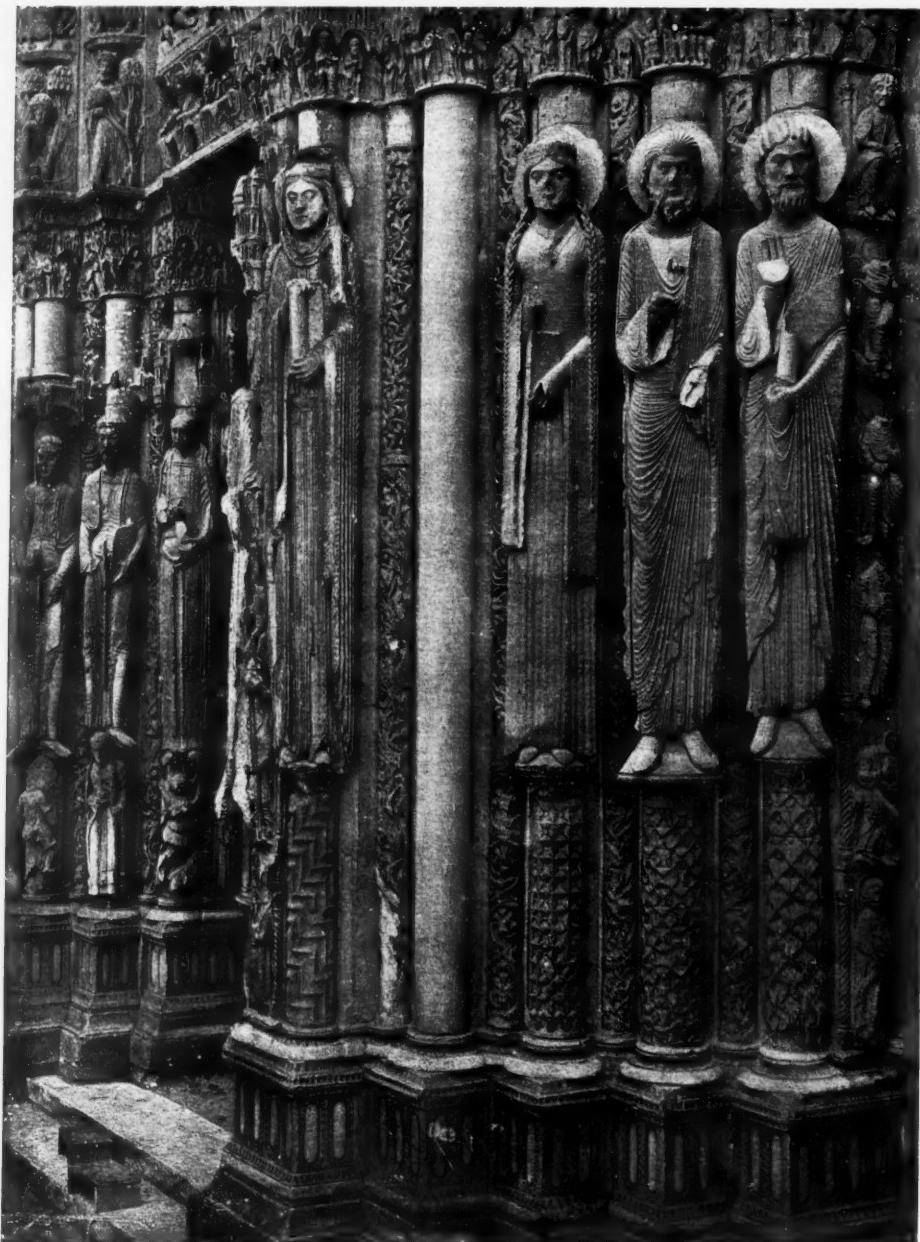
THREE is about the work of Etienne Houvet something of the splendid anonymity of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The craftsmen of those days peopled Chartres with the mighty army of statues which it has been Houvet's self-appointed life-work to photograph, but his tragedy not to feel confident to write upon. For over twenty years he has been *custode* of the cathedral, and since 1911 he has been at work producing the eight great portfolios of photographs which earned him the crown of the Académie des Beaux Arts a year or two ago. These photographs, of which a very few accompany this article, have, many of them, been taken under utmost difficulties of position, light and weather. A movable scaffolding has made the higher details accessible. Lately M. Houvet has been experimenting in colour photography in order to deal with the even more splendid treasure of stained glass. The portfolios of Chartres, in the fulness with which they deal with the richest assemblage of mediæval sculpture in the world, prompt a few remarks on the unique place held by the cathedral in the development of French sculpture.

The evolution of style is always gradual. To change a mode in art, as in fashion, is the result of persistent innovation, and this premise is particularly applicable to sculpture in its affiliation to architecture. The two great periods of mediæval art, the Romanesque and the Gothic, merge into one another almost imperceptibly. But there is an essential difference between the two, a difference due to the dissimilarity of the thought (which controlled the inspiration) rather than of the aesthetics, though it is the latter which as a rule claim the

responsibility. For the purely symbolical aspect of Romanesque iconography, so much in evidence in the twelfth century, induced the emphatic concentration on pure form characteristic of the epoch in as certain a manner as the literary sensibility and scholastic culture of the thirteenth century brought about the reaction from the austere apathy of their predecessors to a more sympathetic beauty, which was to change at the time of its decadence to mannered sentiment. At Chartres the sculpture which clothes the exterior of the cathedral in regal splendour, is, in the main, representative of both these periods. The west front is Northern Romanesque at the culmination of its strength, executed probably between the years 1145 and 1170, while the north and south doors were carved throughout the thirteenth century and show Gothic sculpture at its finest before the severity of its loveliness had lapsed.

The effect of the west front of Chartres is almost overwhelming. The three great doorways, with their profusion of statues, reliefs, and capitals, form the most perfect example of northern Romanesque art now in existence. Whether the design for the whole was the work of one mind it is not possible to say. The hand of several sculptors can be clearly traced, and it is tempting to imagine that the artist who carved the most important features of the triple doorway, which are, in addition, on a much higher plane than the rest of the sculpture, was also the master-designer of the whole. To the hand of this unknown can be ascribed the tympanum and jamb figures of the central porch and the jamb figures on the inner side of the two exterior doorways. The sculptor has very individual characteristics of his own and has been thought to have influenced, perhaps even to have been responsible for, the lost statues on the Abbey of St. Denis, known to us by the eighteenth century drawings of Montfaucon. The drapery forms display primarily Burgundian influence, though to some it is Languedoc that appears to supply the prototypes. But the delicate patterns of the edges of the robes, the fineness of the vertical folds, the purity of the attenuated figures display a subtle advance on Burgundian canons. The sensitive outlines of these robes recall at times the miniatures of the Winchester school, and it is possible that the sculptor was familiar with the work of that group, which was well known on the Continent. In an earlier century Alcuin, the friend of Charles the Great, had paid a tribute to their skill by establishing a colony of them at Tours in 796 A.D. Miniature painting, which, with ivory carving, did so much to bridge the gulf between East and West and keep the major arts alive under the Carolingian emperors, exerts a strong influence on Romanesque sculpture and is responsible in twelfth century art for those curiously exotic curves which, in painting would indicate the form of the body, but in sculpture, where relief already exists, add a mannered beauty to the design.

The Apocalyptic Christ of the central tympanum (Fig. 1) is perhaps the sculptor's finest work. Indeed, the whole lune is admirably proportioned; the filling of the space by the mandorla, with its dramatically seated figure flanked by the four symbols of the Evangelists, is splendidly planned. The face of the Christ is subtly modelled and of an austere beauty which here does not tend to the customary avenging aspect. The folds of the robe are naturally treated, except at the right elbow, where the influence of the miniaturist is plainly seen, and the sweep



I.—JAMB FIGURES OF THE PORTAIL ROYAL.
West front. Second half of twelfth century.



2.—ST. ANNE.
North door, first half of thirteenth century.



3.—CHRIST OF THE APOCALYPSE.
In the tympanum of the central west door, second half of twelfth century.



4.—CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.
South door, first half of thirteenth century.

probably represent Raohab, Ruth, Baz and Obed. Their attenuated figures are very rigid in outline and the columnar effect is further emphasised in the case of the two women by the long vertical lines of the skirts. To counterbalance this the delicate treatment of the patterns at the edges of the robes, the great variety of detail in all the figures and the extremely rhythmic treatment of the two male statues reveal the fact that the artist did not allow his understanding of masonry to outrun his ideals of sculpture. The faces of these figures are exquisitely modelled and in each one some difference in the dressing of the hair adds its own touch of individuality.

Of the other artists, apart from the minor craftsmen, who worked on the doorways, perhaps the most important is the sculptor, who also worked on the Church of Notre Dame at Etampes. The figures on the left of the illustration (Fig. 1) are by his hand. Their similarity to others on the right of the portal at Etampes is very close indeed, and it is almost certain that the same artist executed both groups. Though effective, the treatment of these jamb figures is more obvious. The folds of the robe are heavier, the faces less subtly modelled; Burgundian influence seems here closer than in the case of the master-sculptor. The central figure of the three was originally that of a woman, but time and nescient restoration have changed her sex by the gift of a man's head. A sculptor of greater originality, though less accomplished in technique, seems to have undertaken the execution of the angels

of the lines across waist and lap is masterly. Perhaps the jamb figures are more individually characteristic. The four here reproduced (Fig. 1) that at frequent intervals decorate the composition. A tendency to coarseness and a desire to cloak details, evident in his amorphous treatment of the extremities of limbs, mar a little the satisfaction of his work. But what the artist lacks in *finesse* he gains in design and force. The two flying angels (Fig. 5) are typical examples of his work; the round heads, with heavy mouths and clumsily treated hair, are very representative of his style. The sense of movement is extraordinary, and the composition with the repeating pattern of wings and bodies, each with its slight variation, original and satisfying.

In 1194 a great fire destroyed the greater part of the cathedral, and an almost completely new fabric arose from the ashes. A feverish outburst of religious activity spurred on architects and craftsmen, and, though not actually completed by 1260, when the building was dedicated, the majority of the work must have been finished by that year. The two great porches on the north and south represent the sculpture of the thirteenth century in all its phases. For, though the south porch itself was not begun till 1224, when the stalls for the sale of religious objects were cleared away, and the north was probably not commenced till 1230, the doors themselves, with their figures, were probably commenced earlier,

in 1212 and 1205 respectively; while many of the figures on the porches belong to the second half of the century, some being even as late as the year 1280 or so. At Chartres, the seat of scholastic orthodoxy in the thirteenth century, the scheme of the two porches follows the correct tradition. On the south, the sunny and favoured side, Christ and the



5.—ANGELS IN THE TYMPANUM OF THE PORTAIL ROYAL.
Centre of west front, second half of twelfth century.

New Testament provide the iconography, while the north, bleak and rude, is assigned to the Virgin and the Old Testament. The central pillar of the south doorway holds the superb figure of Christ, one of the finest statues of the thirteenth century (Fig. 4). In his left hand is the Book of Life, his right is raised in blessing; beneath his feet are the lion and the dragon. It seems likely that this figure was commissioned in or shortly after the year 1212. Underneath the pedestal is a relief representing a man crowned with flowers and a woman seated at a table distributing alms. These are, doubtless, figures of the donors, and have, with great plausibility, been identified as Pierre Mauclerc de Dreux and Alix de Bretagne, who were married in that year and whose arms appear in the window above. The statue may, however, have been the last to be made for the doorway, and consequently to date about 1220. In style it is consistent with work of the beginning of the century, the austere pose and severe simplicity of the robe precluding a late date. The face is very lovely and, though introspective rather than emotional, reveals a humanity totally removed from any characteristic of the twelfth century. It is the aspect of Christ as Saviour, a treatment out of keeping with Romanesque ideas.

The erudition of the thirteenth century finds its outlet in the smaller reliefs carved on pillar and capital in either porch. The Virtues and Vices popularised by Prudentius's "Psychomachia" find their place in both porches. Pride is personified in the south porch by the presumptuous rider (Fig. 6); the luckless



6.—THE FALL OF PRIDE.
South door. Thirteenth century.

man, whose horse has stumbled, is being thrown to the ground, his clothes flapping in the air, his hands clutching vainly at the animal's neck. The helplessness of incompetence is vigorously portrayed with a great sense of movement and a considerable vein of cynicism.

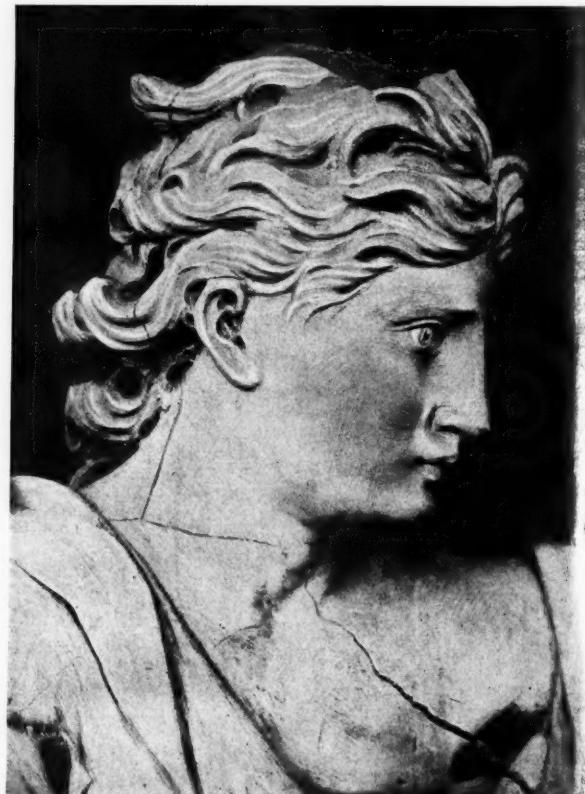
The construction of the north porch was probably slightly later than that of the south, but the doors, again, are earlier in date. In 1205, doubtless as an impetus to the rebuilding of the cathedral, the relics of St. Anne arrived at Chartres. As a consequence, the central figure of the north doorway represents not the Virgin, but her mother (Fig. 2). But the statue itself is probably later than that year, and may have been put up at the completion of the doorway. The extraordinary dignity of the figure is equalled by the tenderness of the face; here is maternity at its noblest.

On July 26th, 1506, the wooden steeple over the north bell-tower was burnt down. To rebuild this the services were employed of Jean Texier, called "le Beaute," who afterwards built, in 1520, the exquisite little painted and gilded clock tower on the north side of the cathedral, surely constructed to the whim of some sensuous canon of the existing chapter. Texier's new steeple was such a success that in 1514 he was ordered to construct a stone screen round the choir. This he completed before his death, in 1520. The design, which is a most perfect example of how exquisite flamboyant Gothic can sometimes be, called for groups of sculpture as the central feature of the decoration.



7.—THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN.
Choir screens, school of Jehan Solas. 1525-40.

The execution of these groups extended over a long period of time, and it was not till 1714 that the last was put in place. The first four of these reliefs to be set up were the work of Jehan Solas or Soulard "ymagier de Paris," who, we know (from an existing contract), was working at the capital in 1505. These reliefs were carved in 1520, and it is clear from the documents relating to their execution that the artist had very little to say in the matter. To quote only one passage, "et en la quatrième histoire sera figurée sainte Anne couchée au lict, et une femme qui tiendra la Vierge Marie, et deux autres femmes l'une tenant un pot, en façon d'argent, découvert, et l'autre faisant de la



8.—DETAIL OF A HEAD BY SIMON MAZIERE.
Choir screens. 1714.

bouillie, et au dessoubz du lit une cuvette, et au cousté du lict ffoignant le bort, sur une escabelle, aiant ung linge dessus, ung bain et une coupe en façon d'argent." The fifteenth century is the age in Gothic of the craftsman as opposed to the artist. The subsequent eight scenes, though not by the sculptor himself, are so closely related that they must be by his pupils. The first of these, the presentation of the Virgin (Fig. 7), is charmingly executed in the genre manner. The little figure of the Virgin, who insists on climbing the stairs by herself, is very graceful. It seems likely that Jehan Solas at some time in his life must have come in contact with the school of Troyes; it is possible that in his young days he may have even worked in some *atelier* connected with that school. For, though his faces are of a different type and though his treatment of drapery is a great deal more accomplished, there is a very distinct analogy between his style and that of such sculptors as Nicolas Haslin.

The last eight groups in the screen were carved in 1714 by Simon Mazière. This sculptor, who was born at Pontoise about 1649, was generally employed as an architect at Versailles, Fontainebleau and other *châteaux*. He was, for the most part, a decorative sculptor, but portions of the tomb of Jean le Camus that he carved for the Church of the Blancs Manteaux are now in the museum at Versailles. He appears to have been an accomplished craftsman, though hardly a great sculptor, and one of the many artists who followed far behind in the wake of Bernini. The head here reproduced (Fig. 8), a detail from the relief of Christ supported by angels in the Garden, has considerable beauty of a rather obvious pseudo-classical kind, but is entirely devoid of any personality. It is well modelled and the hair is pleasantly treated, but conventionality and lack of inspiration have robbed the figure of any real beauty, and its greatest claim to attention lies in its decorative quality.

LEIGH ASHTON.

A BAD BEGINNING

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

WHAT is the most discouraging start that anyone has ever made in a medal round? There are no available statistics, but I imagine that a certain distinguished golfer who was playing in a competition at Addington some ten days ago must be a serious competitor for the world's record. Lest he should "have the law on me," I will not mention his name, but he is a very good golfer and as will be seen from this story, a very heroic one also. I was not present myself, but I had the story from the man who was and I hope, therefore, that it is tolerably accurate.

This was a thirty-six hole competition, played over the course at Addington and the day was one of fog and raw darkness, sufficiently depressing in itself. What befell our hero at the first hole, I am not sure; perhaps, to make the contrast more acute, he started with a perfect three. It was the second tee that the fun began. In front of that tee, will be remembered, is a forest of broom and into that broom the hero topped his ball. Thinking that it was likely to prove unplayable, he teed another—a "provisional" ball—and topped that. He went on teeing and topping until, at length, with his fifth ball and his ninth shot, he sent one soaring down the fairway. So far there seemed no reason why he should not hole out in some quite respectable score, such as twelve or thirteen. Unfortunately, he found his first ball in the broom and concluded that he ought to be able to get it out in a number of shots perceptibly lower than nine. That was where he was wrong. The provisional balls were picked up and he went to work in the broom. When he got out he had played thirteen, or, according to another account, fourteen. At any rate, he holed an uncommonly good putt for a seventeen.

To take seventeen to the second hole, with thirty-four holes to play on a beast of a day, when you can't stop because you have to keep your partner's score—here is a state of things hard to beat for sheer misery and this is where my friend showed true heroism and a sense of humour. He completed the round in eighty-six or eighty-seven and when you deduct the round dozen of superfluous shots that he played at that one hole, you have a very fine round left. I wonder how you reckon your score when you start with a seventeen. Do you call it "thirteen over fours," or "seven over tens," or would it be more cheering to say "three under twenties"? At any rate, the man who plays so well after it deserves to have a special medal struck for him.

I always remember a newspaper account of a medal at North Berwick in which Mr. Balfour, as he then was, took part. "The Premier," said the reporter, "made an unfortunate start; put his second on the rocks and took eight to the hole." It is one of the penalties of greatness to have these painful incidents recorded. There must have been a special edition if Mr. Balfour had taken seventeen. A greater golfer once made an even worse start than he did at that very hole. Mr. Laidlay and Captain Cecil Hutchinson tied for a scratch medal. They played another round and tied again, a third and still they were equal. At the fourth attempt Captain Hutchinson began with an orthodox four and Mr. Laidlay got on to the rocks. How many he played there I forget, but it was so many that he there and then abandoned the unequal struggle and the medal.

There is a peculiar pained hush that falls upon the spectators when a great man makes a bad start, familiar to all who go to championship meetings. When Braid took his famous eight at the Cardinal at Prestwick—he won the championship despite of it and by almost countless strokes—you could have heard a pin drop. I think it was in the qualifying rounds of that very same championship that there was an almost more agonising scene. A young amateur was drawn to play with Massy and a considerable crowd followed them. The poor young gentleman was extremely nervous, but still he managed to get through the first three holes without any major disaster. Then he came to the fourth tee, to that alarming hole that sidles along the Pow Burn, and in those days there was the wall to cross. It was not a very high wall, but that amateur could not get over it. How many shots he played I should be sorry to say, but I know that it

seemed likely that the whole championship would come to an abrupt end because the wall was insuperable. I can still see Massy standing there shrugging his shoulders and the spectators, half of them amused and half of them sympathetically looking in the other direction, and the couples, who wanted to play the Cardinal, gradually silting up behind. It was rather like watching somebody trying to make up his mind to take a "header" advancing to the end of the plank, looking at the water and then retreating again. The poor man did get over the wall at last or else I suppose I should still be at Prestwick. I am afraid, however, he did not qualify.

I myself possess one small distinction in this direction in that I once began a medal round by missing the globe and then won the medal—scratch medal too. It was during the long frost in 1895. There had been no golf for weeks and at last we decided to play off our Lent Term competitions at Cambridge, though the ground was like a brick and covered with snow. Exactly how or why I missed the globe I cannot remember. Let us hope I slipped in the snow. Ninety-two was the winning score and I can hardly think it was a very good one, but at any rate it was better by some strokes than anybody else's.

These bad beginnings are horrid things, but the real tragedies are the bad endings, when a prospective winner ruins himself in the last bunker at the very last hole. The ideal setting for such a calamity is to be found at Rye, where there looms above the player as he stands trembling on the eighteenth tee a huge bunker with its black back wall of timbers. I suppose there is no man, however calm his normal pulse, who has not felt a little fluttered when he reached that point with a good card. The bravest will be tempted to take a spoon and a high tee. It was last year, if I remember rightly, that Mr. Tolley threw away a scratch medal, which he had in his pocket, by missing that drive. It is a bunker so appalling that it is apt to take away our senses: we plunge in and begin our nightmare game of rackets without reflecting that we can "deem the ball unplayable." The greatest of men are prone to forget such kindly rules at times, and I remember, in the first St. George's Vase Competition in which I ever played, Mr. Horace Hutchinson getting entangled in the black terraces of the Maiden and forgetting, till it was too late, that he might tee and lose two.

In all the championships I have watched I can only remember one fearful disaster at the last hole and in that one all was well that ended well. It was in the American Amateur Championship of 1913 at Garden City, in the qualifying rounds. Mr. Jerome Travers, a strong favourite, had been having a bad time, but he had fought down his ill fortune and, when he teed his ball at the last hole, all seemed well. Only a mashie shot was wanted over a lake, but at either corner of the green were bunkers, deep and horrible. Into the left-hand bunker, the deepest and worst of them, went Mr. Travers. Once, twice, thrice he plied his niblick before the ball emerged, and then it sped far away on the sloping green. He holed out in seven amid the ghastliest silence and was clearly in dreadful jeopardy. However, in the end there was a tie for the last place. Mr. Travers took no more sevens: he came easily through the play-off and won the Championship. Oddly enough, in the other American Championship I watched, at Brookline in 1922, something of the same sort happened to Mr. Willie Hunter in the cross bunker in front of the home hole, and he too emerged successfully from a tie for the last place.

It is one of the charitable features of St. Andrews that once the seventeenth hole, with its complex possibilities of disaster, is over, the man with a good card can heave something approaching a sigh of relief. It is easy enough to drop a stroke at the home hole, but the worst ought never to happen. There is so beautifully vast a space into which to drive and the green can be approached in timid instalments. Of course, you never can tell as long as iron clubs have sockets, for a man who is socketing can play the one off six and lose any hole with ease. And who can help thinking about the socket when he is really frightened?

JACK LONDON

NOVELIST AND FARMER.

EIGHT years ago to-day, on November 22nd, 1916, Jack London died. When all the heavens were lurid with the light of battle fires, the passing of this bright star that had twinkled for the English-speaking nations for seventeen years went, comparatively speaking, unnoticed; but the loss to the world was greater, possibly, than this generation can measure. The many facets he had displayed already had not, apparently, exhausted the resources of his brain, for when he died, in his forty-first year, he, the expounder of man's physical nature, was turning more and more to the psychological aspects of humanity. He had at least thirty years more of work before him, had he continued the vigorous physical pursuits which rejoiced his youth and made his manhood virile; but, although he had read and applauded John Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy," he had forgotten the couplet:

For life is joy, and mind is fruit,
And body's precious earth and root.

We have his wife's testimony and the evidence of photography that in his last years he took little or no exercise, neglected the "precious earth and root" and, still producing abundant mental harvests, drained root, trunk and branch of all vitality.

Because he was American, London was more British than the average Briton. During the South African and the great European wars his pride and belief in England were superb. In 1899, to a friend who saw in the South African War the beginning of the decline and fall of the British Empire, he wrote :

The day England goes under that day sees sealed the doom of the United States. . . . But England is not going to fall. It is not possible. . . . Why the United States never had but one fight in its history; and that was when it fought itself. England never bothered her. Read up history and you will find that England's hands were full of other things and, preferring other matters, she let the Colonies slip away. Do you really think we whipped the whole of England in the Revolution? Or in 1812, when her hands were full with Napoleon and she was fighting in every quarter of the globe?

His abasement at his own country's abstention during the early days of the Great War found vent in the scathing phrase : "We stand for nothing except fat. We have become the fat man of the nations whom no nation loves."

"God help them," he said of the Germans, "when England turns savage. I am with the Allies life and death. Germany to-day is a paranoiac. She has the mad person's idea of her own ego and the delusion of persecution—she thinks all the nations are against her. She possesses also the religious mania—she thinks God is on her side. These are the very commonest forms of insanity, but never before in history has a whole nation gone insane."

His wife, Mrs. Charmian London, writes, regarding his attitude during the early days of the Great War : "His main comfort through that Armageddon was his Anglo-Saxonism—his pride in England." Yet he could not live to see his belief in England justified or his pride in the great awakening of his own country aroused. The pity of it!

Descended from English stock, the great-great-grandson of an English baronet, Sir William London, it is no wonder that Jack London was compounded of the exploring stuff which has gone to the making of the British Empire. The Unknown called to him ever, the unknown of sea and land, of mind and matter, and there were few phases of human activity which in his abbreviated life he did not explore. When little more than a schoolboy he was "King of the Oyster Pirates" in San Francisco Bay. At seventeen he was drawing man's pay on a sealer, the Sophie Sutherland, in which he sailed around half the world. When the insistent urge of curiosity turned him inland, he became a "hobo," a tramp, jumping freight trains, "telling the tale," fraternising with the down-and-outs, draining to the last dregs—even to imprisonment for vagrancy—the cup of knowledge which the grimy hand of the human pariahs held out to him. Ever a boy—even in his last year of life—London, with more experience behind him at eighteen than has the average man of twice those years, came back from his tramping spell to his home town high school, driven thither by the demands of his expanding mentality. Followed a few weeks at a crammer's, whence he was dismissed because he learned too fast, and so for two months in his sister's home he studied nineteen hours a day and crowded into those eight weeks two complete years of a college course. The university career he aimed at and achieved began and ended within six months, and from freshman he transformed to labourer in a laundry. This latter occupation may account for the intimate knowledge of feminine fripperies which his novels reveal. "What I don't know about mangling and handwork, blueing and fine-embroidered and lace-trimmed linen," he told his wife, "would make you weep."

Already he had been attacked by the "scribbling itch," and was hammering at editorial doors upon which for awhile "No Admission" was painted. The call of the Klondyke haled him from the laundry, the Klondyke which looms, distinctly or indistinctly, through most of his writings, which possibly sowed the seeds of his fatal malady, but which, in its unforgettable

romance and adventure, provided the "Open Sesame" to the realm of literature.

Like Ali Baba's unfortunate brother-in-law, Jack London nearly failed to pass the portals of the cave of riches, for he was awaiting an appointment as a postman when he sold his first literary wares. He certainly did not strike his bonanza immediately as the hero of the "Arabian Nights." One of his earliest efforts, a story of 4,000 words, accepted by a high-class American magazine, brought him the princely sum of five dollars. For another of 2,000 words he received one dollar fifty cents, or, at the current rate of exchange, roughly about a penny per thirty words. Yet a year or two later publishers were falling over each other in their eagerness to pay his own price, not for his best, but for anything he might send along. How he laughed when resuscitated manuscripts that had been the round of all the American publishing houses were grabbed with avidity at fees which a year or two earlier he would have considered beyond the dreams of avarice. Mrs. London, in a biography of her husband, mentions a report which he wrote—scrawled at pressman's speed and flung on to the telegraph wires—of the San Francisco earthquake. Poor in quality, London himself admitted, and less in quantity than two columns of the *Times*, yet for this something over £600 was literally thrown at him. Success is the philosopher's stone which transmutes everything into Treasury notes!

Like most of those who are marked out for fame, London—at first, at any rate—had not honour in his own country. When the English *Contemporary Review* was publishing his essays, a journal in San Francisco, his birthplace, was writing of his novel : "The 'Call of the Wild' deserves to take rank as an average Sunday supplement story in a yellow paper." The same journal wrote of "The Sea Wolf": "It lacks every essential of a thoroughly good novel. . . . The author shows more fitness for the post of second mate of a whaler than leader of the great army of imaginative scribblers."

That other great army, which during the war was known as the British Expeditionary Force, did not share the opinion of the San Francisco journalist for, of all the novels which found their way to the Front, via the book-stacked warehouses of the Bassin Loubet at Boulogne, none was more welcome than an adventure story written by Jack London.

The Californian Jack-of-many-trades had much in common with our own Robert Louis Stevenson, whom, with Kipling, he never tired of lauding. Early struggles, a love of the sea, a dependent family, an unbounded generosity that kept him always in financial deeps, and last, but by no means least, an absorbing interest in the soil and its products. The world labels Jack London "author," but he himself protested : "Do you realise that I devote two hours a day to writing and ten to farming. . . . In the solution of the great economic problems of the present age I see a return to the soil. I go into farming because my philosophy and research have taught me to recognise the fact that a return to the soil is the basis of economics."

London's ranch, or farm (one may read something of it in "The Valley of the Moon"), like Stevenson's Samoan estate, never realised entirely its creator's dream. Like Stevenson, he sank in it much of ready cash, overcame endless obstacles, made the first fine beginnings, visioned larger and finer developments and then, as with Stevenson, death intervened. Much of what Jack London projected in his old Winery Cottage workshop and some of his actually completed schemes are told in those chapters of the "Valley of the Moon," which record the wanderings and the settlement of Big Billie Roberts, the boxer, and his wife Saxon. London himself, masquerading as Jack Hastings, flits through occasionally.

In the novel, London's own successful terraced hills are almost described by Farmer Benson : "You bet I saw first thing in Japan, the terraced hillsides. Take a hill so steep you couldn't drive a horse up it. No bother to them. They terraced it—a stone wall and good masonry, 6ft. high, a level terrace 6ft. wide; up and up, walls and terraces, the same thing all the way, straight into the air, walls upon walls, terraces upon terraces, until I've seen soft walls built to make 3ft. terraces and soft walls for four or five feet of soil they could grow things on. And that soil, packed up the mountain-sides in baskets on their backs!"

Mrs. Mortimer, in the same novel, anathematises the American native farmer in language that might apply almost to some of our own old-fashioned cultivators : "I went," she said, "almost entirely on the basis that whatever the old type of farmer did was wrong, and, do you know, in doing that I was not so far wrong myself. It's almost unthinkable the stupidity of the old-fashioned farmers."

London's own philosophy of farming was drawn out of him by a lawyer during cross-examination in a lawsuit. In reply to a question as to his farming experience, he said : "I have never had my hands on the handles of a plough in my life, but I know more about ploughing than any other ploughman who ever worked for me. I have acquired practically every bit of my knowledge from the books . . . My knowledge of agriculture and farming is also derived from actual contact

with the soil—looking at it, on occasion hiring experts to come and tell me their diagnoses of these thick soils or bad soils or wrong soils. I find often that they disagree with one another; then I go back to my books, and find the right clue, applying it, making experiments year after year, whether in fertiliser or in methods of cultivation or drainage or the thousand factors that enter into successful tillage."

The scribbler who dares to expound his theories to practical men usually meets with ridicule or sneers, but of Jack London's "Valley of the Moon" an American agricultural journal wrote: "We wonder that it has not been made a part of the curriculum at agricultural colleges."

Farming, fruit-growing, stock-raising were scarcely a tithe of the activities of the many-sided man who eight years ago died in the Californian bungalow, died before his time.

War correspondent, horse-breaker, fisherman, journalist, boxer, farmer, novelist and tramp, he talked with crowds and kept his virtue and walked with kings nor lost the common touch. He had a genius for friendship, and he kept his friends. One of his old Klondyke chums, after his death, wrote of him: "He was a prince. He was intrinsically kind and irrationally generous, with an innate refinement, a gentleness that had survived the roughest of associations." Half a hundred books, dealing with almost every phase and stage of human experience, were his contribution to the world's wealth in his short seventeen years of authorship, to say nothing of magazine articles, newspaper scribblings and war correspondent's despatches. One can more than guess how, had he lived out man's allotted span, he might have enlivened and enriched still further the English-speaking communities.

F. J. S.

KEN WOOD

THE acquisition of the wood and lake at Ken Wood marks the end of the labours of the Preservation Committee, begun in October, 1920, and forms the last addition that can now be made to Hampstead Heath. The total area is in the form of a right-angled triangle, the southern and eastern sides of which are of meadow-ground. These parts, since they are visible from Parliament Hill Fields to the south, were considered by the Preservation Committee to be the most important of acquisitions, since by their openness they were more immediately attractive to the public, and if built upon would detract most gravely from the wildness of the Heath. We dwell in another place on the generosity that made possible the purchase of these meadows. Now sufficient funds have been collected by public bodies, notably by the Borough Councils of Hampstead, St. Pancras, Islington, Hornsey, Kensington and Paddington, and the Middlesex County Council, to acquire the wood and lake in the lower ground that forms the north-west side of the triangle and lies immediately before the south front of the house. This is by far the most beautiful and most historic part of the estate. Its noble trees and wild appearance confirm the suggestion that it is the remnant of the great Middlesex Forest that clothed the Northern Heights in ancient times. Badgers and rare birds still dwell in its depths—four miles from Charing Cross—as they



FROM THE WOOD OVER THE LAKE. BOTH NEWLY ACQUIRED.

did when William I named this part Caen Wood after his Norman home, and gave it to the Bishop of London. The wood, indeed, has spread since the middle of the eighteenth century, according to the description written by Robert Adam, who adapted the existing house for Lord Mansfield, the great jurist, in 1767. "A great body of water," he wrote, "covers the bottom and serves

to go round a large body of natural wood of tall trees rising one above the other upon the sides of a hill. Over the vale, through which the water flows, there is a noble view let into the house and terrace, of the City of London, Greenwich Hospital, the River Thames, the ships passing up and down, with an extensive prospect, but clear and distinct, on both sides of the river. To the north-east and west of the house and terrace the mountainous villages of Highgate and Hampstead form delightful objects. The whole scene is amazingly gay, magnificent and picturesque. This character the grounds have singularly preserved, though the views are not now observable from the house and the "mountainous villages" have grown into vast towns that already surround both heath and park.

In the development of London the importance of securing wide and beautiful open spaces cannot be over-estimated. Improbable as it may have appeared a century ago, Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park are now almost in the centre of London. A century hence Hampstead and Ken Wood may be as tightly contained by streets as Kensington Gardens.



GREAT BEECH TREES ON THE margin OF THE WOOD.

THE GREENSHANK

A BIRD OF THE SOLITARY PLACES.



ABOUT TO SETTLE ON THE EGGS; LEGS WELL APART.

Of all British birds the greenshank must surely be one of the most delightful to study. It is extraordinarily wary, and its intelligence is much above the average. It is well for it that its mind is keen; otherwise it had been banished, before this, by the persistence of egg collectors from many of its highland nesting haunts. In the district where the accompanying pictures of the family life of a pair of greenshanks were taken every likely nesting ground is searched carefully, for it is possible for a collector to leave London in the evening and, after a comfortable night journey, arrive at the greenshank's nesting ground by breakfasttime the next morning. Here he is frequently met by an ex-stalker who has forsaken his legitimate calling for that of nest-robbing, and this individual, from the thoroughness of his local knowledge, probably does more harm to such rare species as the greenshank, dotterel, crested titmouse and golden eagle than all the rest of the collectors.

The greenshank is a summer visitor to Scotland. This year I heard them on the first day of April as they skimmed the still waters of a moorland loch beside which they would nest later on. Their call is unmistakable. It resembles the cry of the redshank, but is deeper, more musical and more deliberate; besides, it is considerably louder. So much for their ordinary cry.

But there is the love-song of the greenshank, rarely heard, which must rank among the most wonderful bird songs we have. It seems always to be sung in the air, often at a great height from the ground, and may continue without a moment's pause for a good half-hour. One evening last May my wife and I disturbed a greenshank beside a lochan deep in a forest of ancient pines. It was one of those quiet evenings after a shower day when the air is permeated with the scent of young growing things, and the greenshank, after flying off uttering his alarm note, must have, unperceived by us, mounted high into the sky. We were searching for him through the glass when suddenly, from a great altitude, came his song. It was some time before we could locate him. At length, perhaps 1,000ft. above us, we spied him, a small nebulous form darting backwards and forwards. Ever higher he rose, until he touched

the clouds that, judging from the surrounding hills, were passing overhead some 2,000ft. up. He sang thirty minutes, then, his great effort finished, "stooped" earthward with speed and settled on the topmost branches of a pine tree. As near as words can translate the song, the notes may be written as "Dorty, dorty, clever, clever, dorty, dorty, clever, clever." I was interested to find, on trying them over at home that evening, that the notes can



THE COCK GREENSHANK WISHING TO BROOD, PUSHES THE HEN OFF THE NEST.

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be copied faithfully on the chanter of the highland pipe, and had a MacCrimmon of old heard them, he might well have taken them as the theme of a piobaireachd.

Even after the young are well grown the love song is continued; as late as July 7th I heard it on a day of strong wind, so that the bird, after singing, shot downward, with wings close pressed to his side like a peregrine falcon, to alight on a dead pine beside his loch.

This perching of the greenshank on trees is, by the way, almost unique among wading birds, and very quaint does it look, as it stands agitatedly upon its long green legs, uttering incessantly its alarm note as the human intruder crosses the ground where its young are crouching in concealment.

Greenshanks nest in May. A dry spot on a boggy heathery "flat" is usually chosen as a nesting place. The nest with its four beautiful eggs is placed against an old tree root, or the stump of a felled tree, perhaps against a stone, or half beneath the shelter of a branch left on the ground by the woodcutters. Immediately incubation commences the bird "off duty" is careful to avoid the nesting ground, and spends its time perhaps several miles from the nest. The bird actually incubating the eggs sits remarkably closely, so that you may walk past within a few feet of it without being aware of the fact. But once let it be known to the birds that the actual nesting place has been located, and their behaviour changes. No longer does the sitting bird brood closely, but rises



ANXIETY OVER THE YOUNG FAMILY.

from the eggs while you are still several hundred yards distant, and flies overhead, repeatedly uttering anxious cries.

Were it not for the fact that a greenshank, immediately before it settled on its eggs after feeding, calls long and loudly with an unmistakable cry very seldom used at any other time, the nest would be almost impossible to discover.

For a week I had looked long and unsuccessfully for the nest shown in these illustrations. Then, one afternoon, as I sat on a *sithean*, or fairy hillock, overlooking the nesting ground, I suddenly heard, somewhere beneath me, the tell-tale cry. The sound appeared to come from this direction, now that—for, when calling, a greenshank is constantly moving the head and is something of a ventriloquist—and I was quite unable to locate it.

Although I searched carefully in the direction of the calling, I met with no success, and had abandoned my quest, and was eating my tea beneath the only tree of any size on the moor when I heard overhead the cry of a greenshank. It was answered from close to me, and I was delighted to see a greenshank standing on the very top of a wee Scots pine and calling in an agitated manner. The nest was only a few yards away and, having put together a few branches in order to accustom the birds to a hiding tent in the near future, I left the moor.

No one, except those who have attempted to portray with the camera the home life of a pair of greenshanks, can form any idea of the infinite patience required to obtain a successful series of pictures, for the wariness of the birds is remarkable. Day after day as we crouched in our small tent, covered over with fir branches and heather, my wife and I became aware



ARRANGING THE EGGS BEFORE BROODING.

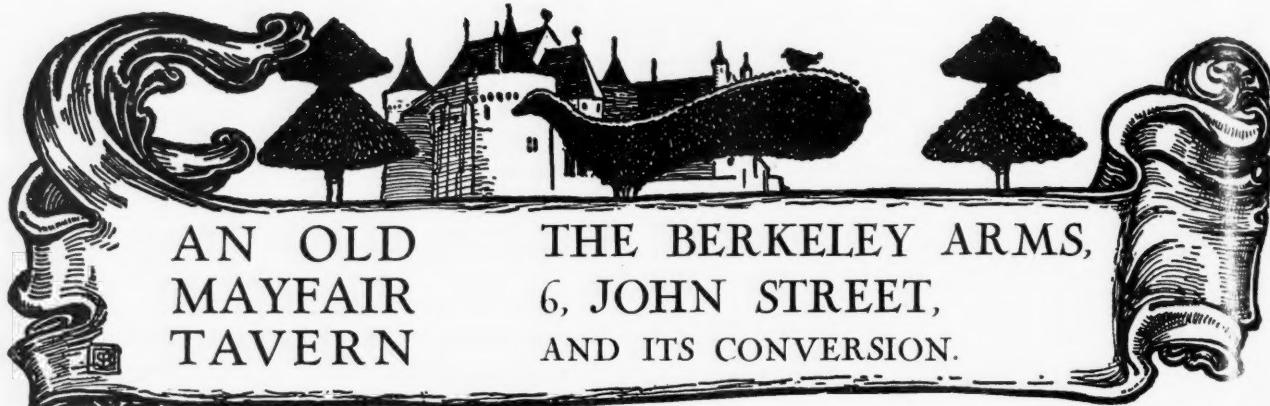
how different in temperament our two birds were. The cock was a bundle of nerves, the hen—for a greenshank—collected and placid. Often when the hen was dozing on the eggs the cock would fly over, calling in alarm. Sometimes he would swoop angrily at the "hide," then would alight on a little fir near by and shriek out his alarm note by the hour. The hen at first was much upset by his behaviour; then, evidently coming to the conclusion that her husband was suffering from an attack of nerves, she allowed his most fervid exhortations to pass unheeded. On two occasions while in the hiding tent I was fortunate enough to see the "change over" between cock and hen. The cock approached the nest, bowing and calling loudly with quick high-pitched whistles. The hen, as she brooded, answered him with quaint creaking cries, her whole body vibrating as she called. The male bird walked straight up to the nest, and one of the photographs shows him with one leg either side the hen, actually pushing her off the nest before taking a turn of the eggs while his wife flew off to feed at the loch.

On June 11th the four young greenshanks left the nest. Early that morning Mrs. Greenshank had brooded her young family, which ran round and over her happily. Mid-day brought a thunderstorm with torrential rain, but at length the sun shone out brilliantly, and the greenshank led forth her young into the wide world, and beyond our view.

SETON GORDON.



A NEWLY HATCHED GREENSHANK PEEPING OUT FROM UNDER THE PARENT'S WING.



"WELL!" said a lusty furniture mover as he set down the dresser in Mr. Davis's dining-room, "many's the time I've been in here when it was the bar of the old Berkeley Arms. But, do you know, sir, I'd 'ardly recognise the place now." It is, indeed, a very remarkable piece of work, this conversion of a public-house, from which the licence was withdrawn just a year ago, into a delightful little residence for Mr. and Mrs. Davis and three servants. I suppose everybody who wanders through the labyrinth of old Mayfair at one time or another thinks how admirably such or such an old house would suit his needs. Here, in the heart of the most select quarter of London, are a tangle of quiet streets which have all the charm of the unknown. They lead nowhere in particular, and one knows them only by attempting usually unsuccessful short cuts from the more reputable squares to one's club. But once in the purlieus of Shepherd's Market, it must be an urgent appointment indeed which forbids the pedestrian to loiter

and peer among these little houses, so refreshingly informal and agreeably down at heel. Most of them have known better days. This is certainly the case with the Berkeley Arms. The period of its going to the dogs was no doubt the early nineteenth century, when the great stucco squares were a-booming. This part of Mayfair then came under a slightly shabby cloud, and people who knew "how to live on nothing a year" found it a convenient scene for the practice of their art.

At its first building in about 1708 Curzon Street and its surroundings were poorly rated, and the houses were, as they still are, small. The neighbourhood was rendered undesirable by the market near by and the open spaces on the north side of Piccadilly, where the May Fair used to be held, a festivity that has given its name to the quarter. This state of affairs continued till after 1750, when an architect of the name of Shepherd bought the market and set about improving the tone of the place. Mrs. Delany took a house in Curzon Street about this time, and as the town crept westward towards Knightsbridge the quarter



I.—AT THE CORNER OF JOHN STREET AND HAYES MEWS.
An illustration of the house before restoration is shown on page 805.



2.—THE DRAWING ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR, ABOVE—



3.—THE REFORMED BAR, NOW THE DINING-ROOM.



4.—THE ENTRANCE TO THE DRAWING-ROOM.



5.—EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ARCHITECTURAL COMPOSITIONS ARE DECORATIVE AND IMPERSONAL.

lost its character of the first fringe of London, into which the more undesirable traffickers on the Bath Road inevitably drifted. The type of individual who was most commonly to be found ensconced in these little houses was the retired butler—the Mr. Raggleses from Berkeley and Grosvenor Squares—who either set up a public-house for their brother servants or some more reputable establishment: a lodging-house for gentlemen or a provision shop where their servant friends would deal. Some retired butler was, no doubt, the first landlord of the Berkeley Arms, and as one sits over the wine in that reformed bar, now the dining-room, the walls seem to repeat confusedly the scandals of an infinity of lordly mansions. Footmen, coachmen, runners, butlers from all quarters of the kingdom, all ranks of society here exchanged at second-hand the guffaws of last night's claret-round and the domestic leakages of a thousand keyholes.

Since the war there has been a re-shuffle of desirable localities. From the beginning of last century a fairly steady tide of popularity flowed westward. Bloomsbury and even Portman Square had been deserted by the *élite* by the last quarter of the century in favour of the stucco grandeur of Belgravia. Merchants set up portentously in Bayswater; massive mahogany found roomy halls in Kensington Gore. A few intrepid shop people penetrated even into Berkeley Square, and St. James's Square was nearly as uninhabited as it is to-day. Then the tide turned, and as incomes ebbed the expanses of desirability shrank. Nuclei formed like pools, separated by tracts of gloomy house agents' boards and unwashed windows. Bayswater is now a western Bloomsbury, Belgravia but a shadow of its genteel self. And Mayfair has contracted until its disreputable centre begins to blossom again as it used in Becky Sharp's day. The simple reason is that everybody is looking avidly for small houses, if possible with some individuality. If they do not care about individuality, they take a flat.

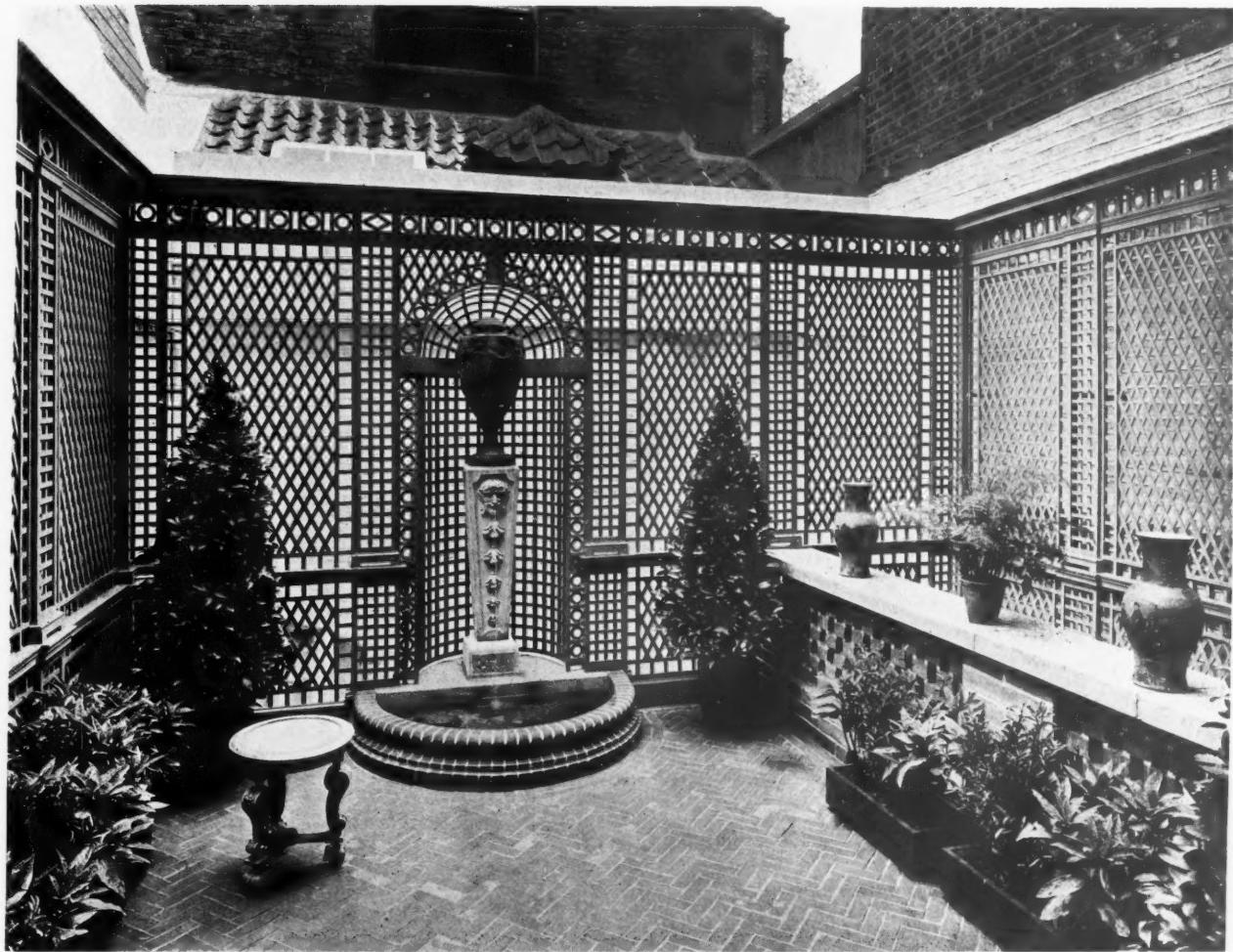
A saunter along the semi-deserted streets of fashionable quarters is considerably enlivened by the results of such a search. Mews contain unsuspected charms. The low back premises of great mansions have been cut off, like naughty offspring by their parents, to shift as houses for themselves. And occasionally such a house as the Berkeley Arms has been converted from disreputable licence to be an ornament to its vicinity.

Mr. Davis has the advantage over most of us of being an admirable architect. In partnership he has done a great deal, more than most architects, to please our eyes in London. The Ritz and the Automobile Club are examples of the agreeable Parisian idiom he shared with the late Mr. Mewés. Such work, quite apart from its style, implies in an architect a very high development of the organising faculty and a close study of the origins of comfort. But when Mr. Davis is not designing grand Babylons with suave and urbane gaiety, he indulges a repressed affection for the haphazard, old and picturesque; he is, briefly, a member of the genial company of sketchers in water-colour, whose artistic labours it is so hard to justify by aesthetic standards, but so pleasant to share. To be happy, every man must have two modes of expression. The field marshal must be able to play with children, and the coster to bask in the sun. If a man is so fortunate as to have two arts, his content should know no bounds.

No. 6, John Street embodies both these sides of its owner's predilections. It is charming, curious and picturesque, and it is smart and efficient. It is the admirable fusion of these qualities that give the place its distinction. Everyone knows the "as it used to be" kind of restoration of an old house, complete



6.—THE BOUDOIR LOOKS ON TO THE GARDEN—



7.—FORMED ON THE ROOF OF THE KITCHEN.

Nov. 22nd, 1924.



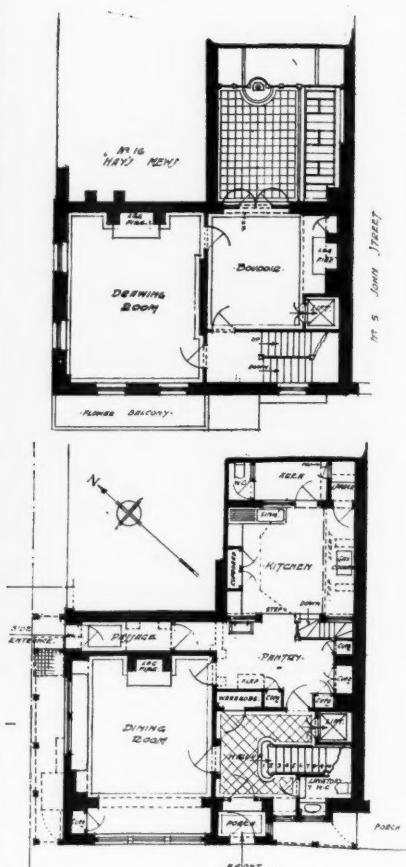
8.—A BEDROOM.

with dark corners, trip-steps, head-traps and faded Italian damask. And the marvellously ingenious "home," which it is so difficult to imagine living in, is not uncommon now. But everybody who converts a small town house for present-day life seeks some such compromise of comfort and character as is here exemplified.

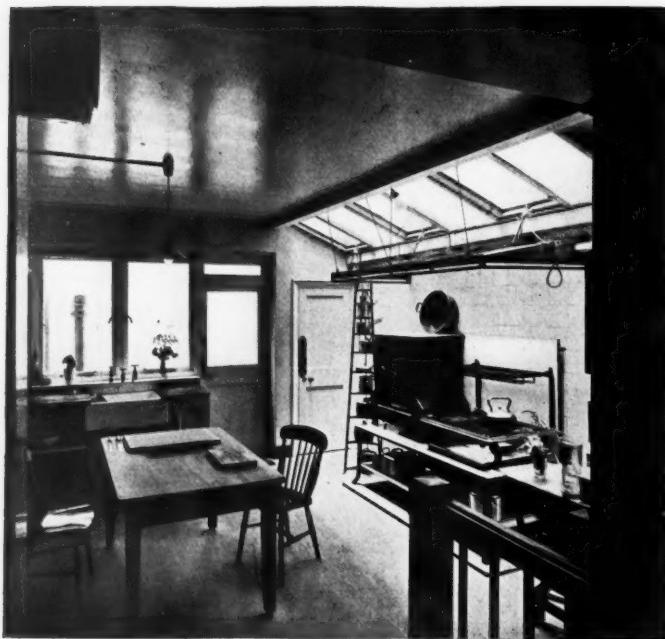
A comparison of Fig. 1 and 12 will show what alterations have been made to the exterior, and a glance at the plans will give the reasons. The old bar, occupying the ground floor, has become the dining-room (Fig. 3). The one-storey projection is now thrown in, so that the dining-room is lighted on two sides, but at the far end of it a piece has been added to contain the front door. A back door in the mews has been contrived, giving into a passage direct to the big pantry-kitchen that adjoins the dining-room and, together with the little stair hall, coat cupboard and lavatory, takes up the rest of the ground floor. We will return to the ground floor after glancing at the other exterior modifications. The fenestration of the two upper floors has remained unchanged, though its appearance has been modified with shutters. The hipped roof, however, has been raised to do away with a valley, to give greater height to the attics and to accommodate an upper attic, though the original form has been retained. The chimney flues have been concentrated in the east wall with a great gain

in effect, and the dormers have been enlarged and, in one case, shifted. A string-course above the ground floor binds the house together, and posts and chains enclose the space over part of the extensive basement, where a convenience used to be.

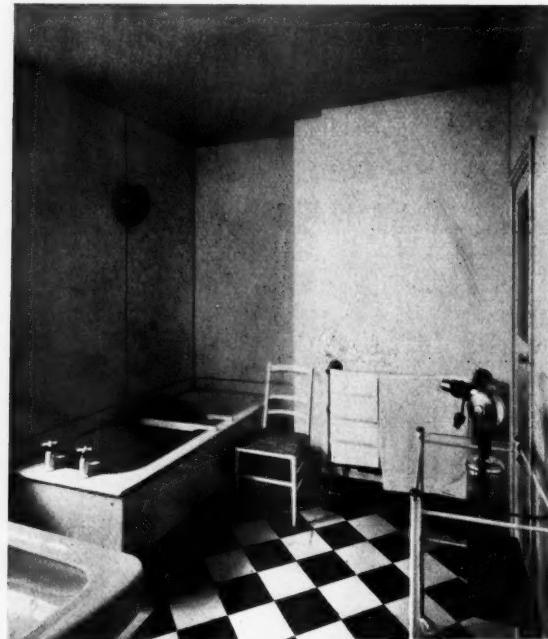
The chief problem in the acquisition of comfort nowadays concerns servants: money spent in lightening their labours and diminishing their numbers is saved over and over again. The first consideration, both in town and country houses, is the shortening of distances to be traversed. In a certain country club recently established in a great eighteenth century mansion every waitress, in order to serve ten teas, has to walk no less than a mile. In thousands of town houses the daily mileage of a parlourmaid in carrying food and answering bells must amount to several miles, at least half of which is accounted for by stairs. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that people find servants difficult to keep, and need more of them than they can afford.



9.—PLANS OF THE GROUND AND FIRST FLOORS.



10.—THE KITCHEN, LIGHT AND CLEAN.



11.—FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM: VITROLITE WALLS, RUBBER FLOOR.

Nov. 22nd, 1924.

COUNTRY LIFE.

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Mr. Davis, by sacrificing the back part of his ground floor and shutting up his basement, with the exception of one room for a servants' sitting-room, has simplified the service he requires to a mere passing through a door. The kitchen (Fig. 10) is run entirely on gas, and the scullery and pantry are combined with it, lit from above by an area at the east end. The dining room lies on one side, the diminutive entrance hall on another. There are no back stairs, but a lift communicates from top to bottom, which amply supplies the lack, as well as being a convenience to the master and mistress. The back door, as noticed before, gives immediately into this workroom along a passage.

The dining-room (Fig. 3) retains much of its original panelling (it was the bar in other days), and its associations are to some extent preserved by the simple oak furniture. There is no more comfortable chair than the armed Windsor type, and these specimens are an unusual collection, since, though different in the minor points of design, they all have cabriole front legs. The central ceiling light is contrived with a zinc shield of rhinoceros hide, which sheds a gentle amber glow.

The stairs, rising from an arch, are of the usual Queen Anne type, with moulded handrail and turned balusters, all being co-eval with the house. They conduct to the drawing-room (Fig. 2) and the boudoir (Fig. 6), which looks upon the little garden contrived on the roof of the kitchen (Fig. 7). All these are well shown in the illustrations and do not call for further description. The boudoir is not very well lighted, but as, it is principally used by a man busy at his office most of the day, it would require artificial light in any case in winter, while in summer it is agreeably cool.

The "garden" (Fig. 7) looks larger in the illustration than it is—a qualification that applies to all the illustrations.



12.—THE OLD BERKELEY ARMS. 1700-1923.

At present it looks delightful, and the idea of it is, of course, charming. Moreover, it is not overlooked. But the London atmosphere, at any rate in the central area, is an unfortunate factor in the enjoyment of such retreats. A great deal, however, can be done with the back flats and areas which abound behind London houses. The best principles to bear in mind in their design are: first, to eliminate all plants but such hardy and formal things as bays; and, secondly, to remember that they are to be looked at rather than sat in. Before leaving this particular garden the balustrade may be noticed which screens the kitchen skylight. The trellis-work at the far end screens the area that lights the east end of the kitchen.

Above the drawing-room are the two bedrooms. Mrs. Davis's room (Fig. 8) is notable for the complete absence of visible cupboards, all being secreted in the thickness of the wall, and so contrived that

when both doors are open the interior is automatically lit by a little electric light. The bathroom (Fig. 11) is over the boudoir, and there are several points in it of interest. The floor is of black and white squared rubber, and the walls of white vitrolite, a material that, as its name implies, is vitreous, but opaque, infinitely cheaper than marble, but as permanently bright and as easy to clean. The lighting is by bulbs screened by great alabaster shells. There is no metalwork on taps or fittings to require cleaning, all being of porcelain.

The second floor accommodates two bedrooms and a bath, and a fifth and sixth bedroom are lodged in the fourth, top-most, floor. An examination of the plans shows the ample provision of cupboards in every room and the careful thought that has gone to the reorganisation of this house. It is a pattern of its kind and, as such, fully deserves the space we have devoted to it.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

LUCK

BY THE MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE.

THE Greeks and the Romans were frankly superstitious fellows, which nobody can deny. Likewise, and equally undeniably, they had the courage of their opinion, for they worshipped Fortune in temple and in shrine in every city and town, as also in many a house and home, holding her as a goddess who bore sway over all the lots and chances of life. The average traveller knows these best from the great remains of the splendid temple of Fortune at Palestrina, some forty miles south of Rome. Fifty years ago, and perhaps still, a part of it was used as a prison, and not unfitly, since if there were no such thing as Fortune as an intersteller in human affairs, most of us would be in jail. And there are great memories, too, at Porto d'Anzio, where Horace once wrote to the good lady as the "Diva Gratum que regis Autum." Both these places gave forth oracles (to those who paid the fee), in other words, they gave tips—tips on everything in life and probably on racing among them, since both temples survived well into that time when chariot-racing was a very madness in Rome and "libeza sponsio," free betting, went hand in hand with it. In these days of ours the worship of Luck is no less real, but we economically avoid the building of temples, and those who wish for infallible oracles pay their fees to the common tipster. I doubt if any attempt to raise a subscription among racing men to-day for a shrine to Fortune would be other than a frost.

But, assuredly, men (and one must say women, now) who own racehorses, as well as those who do not, have reason to be suppliants to the Goddess of Luck. For without her they had better be off the turf or under it. And to get her with them, well, who knows or ever will know how it is to be done? The man who goes a-racing and means to win Derbys and St. Leger, and the like, will need the following ingredients for success: a bottomless purse wherewith to buy or breed the best yearlings that can be got, endless patience, judgment (some owners

do this part of it at second hand, losing half the fun by it), the very best and most faithful trainers and jockeys, and faith in them on his own part. A real love of the horse. There! with all that in good measure, success, of course, cannot be missed. Cannot it, though? We have forgotten one thing, without which all those others are as nothing at all—without which they all vanish into the great procession of disappointed hopes and forgotten "might have beens"—I mean, of course, Luck. There is no class of men so superstitious, perhaps, as racing men; the wonderful pranks that Fortune plays with them and their horses is the reason why.

Every year history repeats itself. At Doncaster, at Newmarket, anywhere where young bloodstock walks round the ring, the owner, always inspired by hope, else he would not do it, plunks down mighty sums for yearlings of which the great majority (this is no exaggeration) are never destined to be heard of again at all seriously. But some are. You cannot lay down a rule that Luck goes with the big prices, nor yet with the small. You may pick out a Sceptre or a Mumtaz Mahal for huge sums that may come back, or you may pick up a Spearmint for a few hundred, or a Comrade for the price of a good Shetland pony. Fortune was at the sale and sat at your elbow. But a few years ago a certain wealthy owner seemed to be carrying all before him, he could hardly do wrong, and then he bought two yearlings for a real King's ransom (I think I know a sovereign or so who would not now be worth ransoming at the price). And no sooner had he done this than Luck turned her back on him. The two yearlings between them hardly can have paid their training bill, and no further luck of any note has come his way since. Was Fortune angry with him because he tried to buy her at any price? And as a contrast, a good sporting farmer, who merely owns a horse in a blue moon, wins a Derby and sells the winner for a sum which, if he be wise, put care outside his back

door and let him for the rest of his days watch the sport which others will pay for. There was another farmer in the Fens fifty years ago, old Mr. Jones, who bred Prince Charlie; and when that great gaunt, big-boned chestnut reached Joseph Dawson's stables it was touch and go if the trainer would have anything to do with him. Those two decades from 1850 to 1870 were not the days of colossal prices. Teddington (who had a queer looking foot), cost 250 guineas to Sir Joseph Hawley (perhaps the best judge of a thoroughbred of all who ever owned one), and he went back once before Sir Joseph made up his mind. And in like manner Voltigeur had been once refused at 100 before Mr. Williamson persuaded Lord Zetland to take him on! Think of it! Was not Luck about (as well as judgment) these two times? Where would be the line of Vedette, Galopin, St. Simon and all who have descended thence if Voltigeur had been cut for hunting as proposed? And since we talk of Galopin, he was one of quite a large family of brothers and sisters of whom two ended their lives in a bus and two won some sort of race at some time, while the rest —? Well, they, perhaps, made sausages. Whereas Galopin was one of the best of Derby winners and also the sire of a line of like quality. One man's luck, be it remembered implies some other man's ill-luck, and when poor Prince Baththyany died suddenly on Galliard's Two Thousand day, he left behind all his hopes of sweeping the board with St. Simon, who passed into the hands of the Duke of Portland, a very young owner, for 1,600. Was ever such luck? The new owner was able to command all these factors which we have claimed as going to the making of a successful owner—a long purse, a trainer like Mat Dawson and a jockey like Archer, and the Goddess to stand by while he led in two winners of the Derby, two Oaks, a St. Leger, a Two Thousand, two One Thousands and other unconsidered trifles. Then suddenly Fortune found she had business elsewhere and the stream stopped flowing, never really to go on again. Lord Falmouth is an instance of a man who had everything that was wanted, and Luck was with him to the last. He, too, had Mat Dawson for a trainer and Archer for a jockey, and his own really great judgment of breeding. But he would have been nowhere without his Luck, for his classical winners, Kingcraft, Spinaway, Galliard, Silvio, Dutch Oven, Jannette, Charibert, Wheel of Fortune, Busybody, each good enough for their day, were none of them quite of the epoch-making standard. Still he deserved all the help that Fortune gave him. But the erratic lady must have been in one of her most wayward moods when she fell in love with Mr. James Merry. It must have been, to say the least, an acquired taste. For that shrewd, suspicious, illiterate owner of great money-bags had few lovable qualities. He was always out to win, to be sure, which counted for much with the crowd, but often counts little with Fortune. But his trainers and his jockeys, all of the best (no one ever knew quite absolutely who was to ride in a given race for him), sat very loosely to his affection. But what Luck! From Thormanby's year to the end of 1877 the yellow jacket and black cap were rarely out of the picture. He buys a Thormanby for 350, a Dundee for 400, a Doncaster for 950 (his two Derby winners costing him together 1,200), and these all by the advice, even by the pressure, of his trainers. He bought Doncaster against his own will and never liked him, just not scratching him for his Derby. It is doubtful if he really loved his horses. Yet in buying and breeding from first to last Fortune was always with him. And another favourite of hers, though not in so marked a fashion, was the wealthy banker Mr. R. C. Naylor. His Derby win with Macaroni was, surely, a bit of luck. Fordham on Lord Clifden should certainly have won comfortably, but he carried his confidence that time to excess and made far too much use of his horse, being in front all the way. A very large number of capable judges always declared that Lord Clifden actually did win and that Judge Clark, who was at the last very nervous, had made one of his few mistakes. Both Fordham and Chaloner as they pulled up believed that Lord Clifden had won. The judge said otherwise, and so Mr. Naylor's table one day in the next week (I know from one who saw it) was a sight to behold for its banknotes. He liked them, moreover. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if Fortune picks out for her favours most often those who have the big bank balances already. Not quite always, however. Mr. Tom Parr was no millionaire. He bought no expensive yearlings, almost no yearlings at all. Many of them were either flatly crocks, or good ones which had almost done their day. He knew how to turn his dross to gold. The queer-looking Fisherman, the ugly Rataplan. What a couple! I do not know what Mr. Parr's top price may have been, his lowest price was certainly for Malacca, seven sovereigns, and she won him a Cambridgeshire!

But for sheer romance, for a sheer revelry of Fortune, nothing, perhaps, equals the story of Hermit; but as I have told that story in a separate article, which may hereafter appear, I do not repeat it here. It is enough to say that Fortune insisted on Mr. Chaplin winning that Derby in spite of everything, and every apparent disaster turned, as we know now, into an asset. And, again, she had surely entered into partnership with Mr. Popham when he embarked on the forlorn undertaking which led to his owning a Wild Dayrell. It was at his own table at Littlecote that, listening to some friends who raced, he put forth the view that it should be possible for a man to breed, own and train a Derby winner in his own park without all the machineries known to the average owner. There was just a taste of cussedness in him which carried him through. He owned no brood

mare, so he bought one, Ellen Middleton, for £50. His stud groom, Rickaby, selected Ion for her out of many sires and Wild Dayrell was the produce. Then, not being very seriously in earnest, Mr. Popham sells the pair, only to return to his first love a little later when both were again advertised for sale. And so for £50 he became possessed of his Derby winner which, trained in his park by Rickaby (who had never seen Epsom), and ridden by the boy Sherwood, made a history that day which has no equal. Here again Fortune insisted on it, and got her own way.

And as for the Marquess of Hastings in his short five years of a gambler's life—he was dead at twenty-eight—he was the shuttlecock between Fortune and Nemesis. If he had behaved better to the former she might have behaved better to him. She gave him in a few years good horses enough to have satisfied some men for a long lifetime. He ran them to death, or at least several of them. His was no love of a horse, but a love of the gamble plus that swagger which is the most fatal quality a gambler can own. And so, though she gave him a Duke, a Lecturer, an Ackworth, an Athena, an Earl, a Lady Elizabeth, she knew she had him safe whenever she wanted him. He rebuffed all her gifts, say, rather, he flung them all into the gambler's gutter, and when he had raced Lady Elizabeth to a shadow, Nemesis came into her own.

All these have, in the main, been instances where Fortune gave more or less freely. But how about the men who in a long life of the sport, longing for a Derby or so, never got a smile, or hardly a smile, from her—Lord George Bentinck, for example; and to make the bitterness more bitter when he gives up his horses he leaves behind a Surplice to win a Derby and a St. Leger in other colours. And a Duke of Beaufort who, try as he will in a long life, gets at best a Grand Prix with Ceylon (one must admit that Luck stood by him that day, for the horse was a poor one and started lame, but the field was poorer still) and a brace of Two Thousands with Petronel and Vauban and a One Thousand or so, with a couple of thirds in the Derby. The failure of one of these thirds, Rustic, was hardly to be called ill-luck. In the spring of 1865 Mr. Richard Sutton had two two year olds, Rustic and Lord Lyon, of which that April Rustic had been tried the better. And the Duke of Beaufort bought him in that belief, which was also largely the public belief till the autumn of the year. I doubt if ever Dover or Mr. Sutton thought so, and I am sure that Mr. Sutton would not have sold Lord Lyon. But Rustic, though he more than paid his purchase, grew into a great cumbrous three year old, while Lord Lyon became perhaps the handsomest horse which ever went to the post for the Derby. The chestnut lumbered in home third, lengths behind the other, and when he had done the same at York behind the beautiful grey Strathconan (from which was to come the line of Tetrarch), he knew the English turf no more. Next year the blue and white hoops were once more third on Vauban, on whom Fordham himself thought he rode a bad race, and said so. One may doubt it. The place was good enough for him. And so ends the chapter of a great sportsman's efforts and disappointments. He had no luck. Still more striking was the history of the Duke of Glasgow, the strangest of all strange owners. Perhaps he frightened Fortune away by the incredible length of the pedigrees under which his nameless ones appeared upon the card. Certainly he did nothing to woo her. And his habit of having an annual battue among the horses which did not seem good enough to keep (they must have been pretty bad, remembering what he did keep) put a bar to the possible improvement in the big-boned creatures which came out in his colours. If all owners did the same, how many chapters of Turf Romance would never get written! And so the years went on and no Derby came near his way. At length, in 1864, Blair Athol's year, his day had seemed to come. His General Peel had won the Two Thousand and the way seemed open for the Derby at last. Then John Jackson, the bookmaker, appears as the evil genius. He and some confederates were going for the General. They proposed that he should win the Derby, Blair Athol being quietly reserved for the St. Leger. The scheme broke down because Jackson, who, even sober, had little self-control, got too much to drink and gave it all away. They had, willy-nilly, to run the son of Blink Bonny, and so two seconds fell to the lot of General Peel. He was a really good horse, though the next year he got the reputation of a coward. But he suffered from kidney disease, and the poor beast must have finished his races in great pain and could not run them out. He was no coward, poor fellow, any more than his fierce old master. It would have been a bad day for any man who in his hearing spoke ill of General Peel. He would have gone for him with his stick as he went once for Godding, his trainer, who tried an ill-timed jest on him. One thinks, too, of the well known story of how the old sailor, furious at finding that his brother sailor, the Admiral, had put his horse into an overnight handicap at a very low weight, forthwith struck him out. He would not, he said, have his horse insulted. There are many owners, then and now, who would have borne this kind of insult with more Christian resignation. Yet, to be just to the impetuous old autocrat, no man ever bore more gallantly "the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune." His habit was always to run anything of his that had four sound legs to support their mighty framework, for he went on breeding regardless of fashion, from Bab at the Bowster, and young Melbourne from sister to the Drake, and Miserima and what not till he died. And the habit now and then compelled Fortune to give him a day off, as when,

at Newmarket, he once won every race in an afternoon. So, too, in earlier days another eccentric, Lord Berner, when on the night before the Derby he was told by his trainer that Phosphorous was too lame to start. "Run, run, I always run," was the reply, and the name of Phosphorus is written among Derby winners. The white and crimson sleeves were seen no more after the 'seventies, nor yet the blue coat and brass buttons and nankeen waistcoat and the duck trousers of the brave old warrior who cared no more for Fortune than he did for anyone else. He had, in his angry fits, changed trainers a full dozen times. They all forgave him. It was what might happen to any of them in their turn. The Glasgow horses might come and go—it was a mere incident. But the changes brought no luck to that wayward personality.

And it will be the same in the years to come as it was in the years gone past. She, the indispensable She, will be there or she won't be there to make or mar as ever. Without her, well—you may as well go and drown yourself off the Embankment. With her? Oh yes; but who knows how to get her on their side? Oh ye gilded young owners and owneresses who go to

the sale ring with your big bank balance behind you resolved (and sure you can do it) to buy "the biggest and best," the most racing-like of the yearlings, to carry all before you. And you buy El Dorado, own brother to Golden Land, who you know won the Derby two years back. Ah, yes! but when you get home reflect that after several years your El Dorado may never even have looked through a bridle on a racecourse. Such is Fate. Or your El Dorado may have come in first for his Derby, and the Stewards may decide that he bumped the Catsmeat horse which ran second. I do not deny that you may yourself, on the contrary, be the owner of the Catsmeat horse, and you will get the banknotes if that is what you are out for. "But not the praise Phœbus replies" or a dozen other things either way. There is only one golden rule, a very golden rule, never to own a horse or horses unless you can afford to lose all you have invested and a deal more beside without a grouse or grumble. Then, and only then, you can afford to do without Fortune if she pass you by, and to throw in your lot with the Bentincks and the Glasgows and the Beauforts, sportsmen all, till the Luck, if ever, shall come your way.

GERALD S. DAVIES.

SOME MODERN CLIMBERS

WITH the ever increasing interest that garden lovers are taking in hardy plants of the shrubby groups, it is to be noticed that this interest is strongly centred on climbers likely to prove of value in the replacement of repeated old forms; so that redundant Virginia creeper or *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, or the ivies, may be replaced with something of greater interest, and it is indeed fortunate that those daring explorers of China and Eastern Asia have come across a number of attractive plants of this kind. What may be termed the "pergola habit" is spreading, and one finds that those who realise the beauty of such a construction in small to medium sized gardens are also wistful, in many cases, to dodge away from the ubiquitous pillar or climbing rose wherewith to clothe the structure, and turn to these new introductions with avidity. While it is far from the intention of the writer to render a comprehensive treatise on all these fine plants, yet, as they are far from commonly known, a number of the more attractive will here be dealt with, as a small guidance to anyone who may be seeking such elementary details as will enable them to make a selection for their purpose.

Dealing with them alphabetically, we first come to the *Actinidiæ*, strong-growing climbers, suitable for large wall space, or for poles in the shrubberies, or pergolas; they make very long growth in their season and are pretty and fragrant in flower. A number of species and varieties were introduced by Wilson. *A. arguta*, which flowers in June and July, white, and followed by a yellow berry, has large lustrous green foliage. *A. chinensis*, probably the best known, is even larger leafed, and bears small bunches of white flowers. One of its chief features is its sinuous young growths clad in very notable red hair. It also has a small fruit similarly clad. *A. kolomikta* and *A. polygamia* are somewhat closely alike, with purplish young foliage and white flowers followed by greenish-yellow fruit, while another pretty form is handsome foliaged *A. venosa*, with buff yellow flowers.

Aristolochias follow, relatives of the "Dutchman's pipe," in the form of *A. moupinensis* (or as Dr. Stapf now determines our species to be, *A. chrysops*), with brown coloured reflex curl to its calyx, the throat of which is vivid yellow, the whole flower about 2ins. in length, borne on a stalk about double that measurement. *A. heterophylla* is somewhat similar, except that the reflexed portion is quite purple in tone, but this species appears to be the most difficult of the two where weather conditions are at all trying. Both do well on wall or pole.

Celastrus, related to our Spindle Tree, are beautiful in their fruiting stage. Useful for allowing to ramble at their will over old fallen tree trunks, they may also be employed with advantage on pole or pergola, but, as wall plants, want a fair amount of careful training to avoid congestion and wild appearance. Three fine introductions of Wilson are *CC. angulatus*, *Loesenerii* and *rugosa*, the last two having handsome foliage in addition to the charming yellow capsules bearing their vermilion seeds.

Clematis are almost legion in number, and useful for any form of work that requires a creeper, though I would counsel second thought about employing *C. Armandi*—that wonderfully fragrant species with its large bunches of white flowers so freely borne—as a wall plant, for, owing to its rather straggling habit, it is apt to carry considerable length of bare growth from the base to its leafing point; it, however, does remarkably well on a north wall, with its large evergreen entire leaflets, borne in threes; but it is on a pergola or in a shrubbery borne aloft on a pole that it probably looks its best. It is one of the choicest plants yet introduced. The very dissimilar *C. macropetala*, sent home by Mr. Reginald Farrer, is a wonderfully pretty *Atragene* form, with violet-blue sepals to its solitary flowers, this colour being set off well by the creamy white erect "petals," which occupy the centre of the flower, which measures about 3ins. across. It is of rather thin growth, the ternate foliage not being very conspicuous, and it would probably be



CLEMATIS ARMANDI.
One of the most graceful of the genus.

well to mix in with other climbers on a pergola. *C. montana*, of the Himalayas, has two beautiful varieties in China, both introduced by Wilson. *C. m. rubens*, with rosy-red flowers, is probably one of the most beautiful climbers we have, while its white relative *C. m. Wilsonii* is well ahead of the type, with its much larger flowers, and both of these look magnificent on a pole, as well as making good wall decoration. A wild little species, *C. tangutica*, ideal for rambling over old tree trunks, is very pretty with its golden yellow flowers, and decidedly attractive at a later period when bearing its seed surmounted by feathery styles. *C. Rehrderiana* (syn. *C. nutans*, etc.) is also a rambler, and quaint with its bunches of pale yellow fragrant flowers, which have the decided advantage for pergola work of opening late.

As a foliage plant *Cocculus variabilis* is most interesting and distinct, with its variably shaped leaves of deep green, and it is most useful for a pole in the shrubberies.

A quaint little scandent plant for a wall space is *Dregea sinensis*, related to the old greenhouse plant, *Hoya carnosa*. Its foliage is somewhat sparse, but the umbels of many smallish flowers white in colour, spotted with pink, and fragrant, compensate for this; while the fruit is quite unique in appearance, resembling minute twin cucumbers.

How welcome is a good evergreen climber, and what a fine appearance *Holboellia* has in this direction, with its medium-sized shining green foliage of dark colour! So far it has not flowered with us, but we wait in hope of the white male, and purple female, flowers appearing. It is excellent when grown up a pole, or for helping to furnish a pergola.

Jasminums, always favourites, have three new species to note, *J. Giraldii* and Forrest's *J. heterophylla glabrycymosum*, both excellent yellows, and the very distinct, though possibly less lovely, red-flowered *J. Beesianum*, all three being Chinese natives.

Climbing honeysuckles are fairly numerous, but *Lonicera Henryi*, with almost evergreen foliage, purplish flowers and persistent blackish-purple berries is a welcome addition for pole work, and a near relative, which we have as yet only under Farrer's No. 769, bearing smaller foliage, and flowers of deep buff to purplish hue, is very fine for a wall space, easily covering it, and most attractive with its many purplish blue fruits. Another beauty is *L. tragophylla*, on pole, wall or pergola, for it is most distinct with its terminal heads of long tubular bright yellow flowers, unfortunately scentless.

Osmanthus Delavayi, an old favourite, deserves special mention as used as a wall plant, for its neat little evergreen foliage and very fragrant white foliage have a charm of their own on a small wall space, preferably of southern aspect, though it is best as a bush.

As a wall plant, *Osteomeles Schwerinae*, forms a very dainty subject, and is of comparative recent introduction. The pretty evergreen pinnate foliage of small leaflets is distinct in appearance, and when flowering, with its white blossom, it takes on added charm, which is rounded off when it sets its very dark blue small fruits. It is a native of China, and when grown as a shrub is questionably hardy.

Among the roses there are three well adapted for pillar and similar work. *R. Davidii*, introduced by Wilson, as were the other two, is a pretty pink, which looks ideal on a pillar, especially when clad with its medium sized orange, or orange-red fruits. *R. Moyesii*, certainly one of the most beautiful shades in dark red single roses, has much larger, bottle-shaped fruits,



OSMANTHUS DELAVAYI.
A popular Chinese Shrub.

of very interesting appearance. The third species, *R. omeiensis*, is a white flowered form, with dainty many-leafeted dull dark green leaves. This is most pretty on a wall, its greatest charm being the pear-shaped fruit, unique in colour, being red changing in tone to golden yellow at the base, and borne on a fleshy yellow coloured stalk.

Rubus bambusarum, introduced by Wilson, is a graceful scandent plant of rapid growth. The leaves are formed of three or more leaflets, the downy white underside of which contrasts wonderfully with the dark green surface. It carries its pink flowers and black fruits on the ends of its growths, and these are generally four or five inches in length. *R. Henryi*, evergreen, as distinct from the former, which is deciduous, is somewhat similar in other appearances, but has fruit panicles at the leaf axils, as well as terminal ones, and *R. flagelliflorus*, also evergreen and probably the most handsome of the three in growth and foliage, are also ideal for pole work.

Mr. Wilson also sent home another Rubii species, *R. Irenaeus*, of creeping habit, a very pretty thing, with leaves like those of the coltsfoot, but most charmingly shaded with bronze hues. This is ideal for growing in shade and on shady banks, and might even, with advantage, be used on a pergola, if carefully trained.

Sargentodoxa cuneata, which has flowered in this country, but not, alas! with us yet; is one of Wilson's climbers, suitable for a warm, sunny position, such as a south wall, and carries pretty pendulous racemes, 4ins. or 5ins. long, of fragrant yellow flowers.

A charming group of deciduous climbers, the majority of which have been introduced from China by Mr. Wilson, comprise the genus *Schizandra*. He sent home nearly a dozen species and varieties, of which we are growing a number, viz.—*SS. glaucescens*, *grandiflora*, *pubescens*, *rubriflora* and *spenantha*. Although suitable for poles, with their fair sized leaves and long, trailing growths, they are somewhat shy with their flowers, and we have found that by carefully training them on walls they exhibit their beauty better. Of the group, *S. glaucescens*, with deep flesh pink small flowers of fleshy texture, and *S. rubriflora*, with deep red flowers, are probably the pick. These species bear a spiky surfaced fruit, usually of a red shade.

Sinofranchetia chinensis of another new genus, belonging to the Berberis family, deciduous and quite hardy; and useful, when trained up a tall pole, for the beauty of the tri-leafleted foliage is the glaucous underleaf. Mr. Wilson reports that the dull white



SWEET-SCENTED JASMINE.
These are always useful as climbers.

small flowers which are borne in racemes of about 4ins. in length, are followed by fruit, blue-purple and similar in appearance to a grape.

Smilax were found in large numbers in China, and probably the pick of the introductions of these excellent foliage plants was *S. megalaantha*, the foliage of which varies considerably in size, many of the leaves being from 6ins. to 9ins. long, and while bright green on the surface are glaucous beneath. On a pole this makes a fine specimen in the shrubberies, and would probably be excellent on a pergola. *S. scobinicaulis* is another good introduction by the same collector.

The beautiful *Wistaria venusta*, collected by Wilson in 1913, is one of the most distinct species of the group. Its racemes are somewhat short and very broad, with deep violet flowers. Perhaps its most distinct characteristic is the foliage, which has a dense velvety surface and underleaf, owing to the pubescence of the growth. It is a real gem!

These notes will, it is hoped, give a lead to those who are seeking new treasures of climbing habit; and, intermingled with the many beautiful new forms of vines, should aid in furnishing shrubberies, walls and pergolas in quite interesting and beautiful fashion.

EDWIN BECKETT.

PROGRESSIVE ATHLETIC EDUCATION

By CAPTAIN FRANK STARR, O.B.E., *Ex-Assistant Superintendent Physical Army Training Staff.*

EVERY movement which makes for the betterment of a section of the community, be that section as small as a boys' club or as large as an army corps, must extend its influence beyond the boundaries of that particular division. That is why one must welcome an athletic enterprise which the Royal Corps of Signals is experimenting with among the boys and men of its training centre in Sussex.

"Signals," to the middle-aged man, denotes the flag-waggers, semaphore-jerkers and lantern-wobblers who, before the war, were an integral part of every ship and battalion; but much current has flowed along wires since Franklin harnessed the lightning to his kite-tail. In the Army to-day signallers are no longer just fighting men trained to dot and dash instructions at twenty words a minute (when luck is with them) by helio, shutter, flag and arm but are a highly trained Royal Corps of specialists whose officers and men must keep pace with the explorers into the one-time *terra incognita* of electricity. Not that, in spite of wireless, they have abandoned entirely the old-time methods or have ceased during manoeuvre periods to festoon our hedges with cable and to plant our lanes and meadows with harlequin-coloured poles; but this work has become something of a peace-time outdoor recreation, which relieves the sedentary study of radio-telephony and telegraphy in workshop and laboratory.

Signals, like Tanks, perform less of open-air men than their comrades of cavalry, artillery and infantry. It may be because of this or because, as the youngest corps in the British Army, they have all the enterprise of youth, that they have initiated a system of athletics, principally among their boys, which shall counteract the effects of indoor employment and shall leave each boy stronger and fitter physically at the end of each succeeding year.

Signals have been lucky in the launching of their athletic crusade. In their camps at Crowborough and Uckfield—shortly to be removed to the new Army training centre at Catterick—they have three athletes of the highest class. Their Brigade-Major is Major R. F. B. Naylor, who holds the Army long-jump record of 23ft. 2½ ins., made in 1912, when he was a subaltern of the South Staffordshire Regiment. He is still a good all-round athlete and, besides instructing his men in the principles of athletics, can, as the accompanying picture proves, show them the lead in a 480yds. hurdle race. Lieutenant H. A. Spencer, hon. secretary of the sports organisation, is the Army's best



CORPORAL W. M. COTTERELL, ARMY AND INTERNATIONAL CHAMPION, LEADING IN THE ONE MILE CHAMPIONSHIP.

boxer and, since the Armistice, has won the Imperial Services light-weight championship on two occasions. The last of the three is far more widely known than the others. Corporal W. M. Cotterell has won championships—Army, County, National and International—at every distance from a mile to ten miles, and the odds are that he would have won more than one event for Britain at the last Olympic Games but for an unlucky motor crash which put him out of action a few days before he was due at Paris.

What this trio and their disciples have effected already is told in the fact that, although the Royal Corps of Signals is still only a five year old, it has won the Army cross-country team championship, the Army boxing team championship and the Army athletic team championship, the last on two occasions, a record which none of the older units can approach.

Necessarily this young corps has been compelled to recruit from the existing Army, but in the future it hopes to take its officers directly from the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich and to train its men from boyhood very largely in its own shops. It is

to keep these young officers up to their cadet athletic standard and to train the boys to virile and athletic manhood that the scheme mentioned earlier has been devised.

The project, in its present inaugural stage, deals only with the track and field events and the athletic arena. It sets a standard time or distance for each event, which alters with increase of age. The table below sets out those times and distance. From this table it will be gathered that the younger boys are excluded from events which in some schools are open to pupils of similar age. Signals has its own ideas concerning athletic immaturity.

Event.	Boys under 15.	Boys under 16.	Boys under 17.	Boys under 18.	All over 18
100 Yards	... 12 3/5 secs.	12 1/5 secs.	11 3/5 secs.	11 secs. ...	10 4/5 secs.
220 Yards	... — ..	29 secs. ..	28 secs. ..	26 secs. ..	24 2/5 secs.
440 Yards	... 70 secs. ..	66 secs. ..	63 3/5 secs.	59 secs. ..	56 secs.
880 Yards	... — ..	2m. 40 secs.	2m. 30 secs.	2m. 20 secs.	2m. 10 secs.
One Mile	... — ..	5m. 50 secs.	5m. 40 secs.	5m. 15 secs.	4m. 50 secs.
Three Miles	... — ..	— ..	— ..	— ..	16m.
120 Yds. Hurdles, 3ft.	... 23 secs. ..	21 secs. ..	20 secs. ..	— ..	— ..
120 Yds. Hurdles, 3ft. 6ins.	— ..	— ..	— ..	19 secs. ..	18 secs.
High Jump	... 4ft. ..	4ft. 2ins. ..	4ft. 8ins. ..	4ft. 10ins. ..	5ft. 2ins.
Long Jump	... 15ft. ..	16ft. ..	17ft. 6ins. ..	18ft. ..	19ft. 9ins.
Pole Jump	... — ..	— ..	— ..	— ..	8ft. 6ins.
Putting 10lb. Shot	... — ..	— ..	28ft. ..	32ft. ..	— ..
Putting 16lb. Shot	... — ..	— ..	— ..	— ..	32ft. 6ins.
Throwing the Javelin	... — ..	— ..	— ..	— ..	110ft.
Throwing the Hammer	... — ..	— ..	— ..	— ..	90ft.
Throwing the Discus	... — ..	— ..	— ..	— ..	90ft.



MAJOR R. F. B. NAYLOR GIVING HIS MEN A LEAD AT THE LAST HURDLE.

The achievement of standard in any one of the tabulated events brings in its train a diploma of honour, and success in three a medal. Both diploma and medal "figure" Mercury as the patron saint of the Corps. In a unit which speaks by code and Morse, one might anticipate the abbreviation of a three-syllabled name; but Signals have taken an even greater liberty with the Roman deity, for within the Corps he is spoken of familiarly as "Jimmy."

Although a simple cardboard diploma is the only reward for weeks of training and practice, these certificates are the peace-time V.C.s of Royal Signals, and are coveted and prized as highly as are the bronze crosses which valour wins in war. Not alone as proof of personal prowess are they desired. They have a team value. A challenge shield falls to the company which in twelve months secures the highest proportional number of certificates. Athleticism is not compulsory, but pride of company will stimulate frequently where desire for individual distinction is nonexistent. So the progressive athletic scheme kills two birds with one stone, for, while it breeds individual physical fitness, it generates also the *esprit de corps* which allowed the "contemptible little army" in 1914 to hold up ten times its weight in Germans.

The moral of this article is to come: I have written it not to glorify Royal Signals, but in hope that it may interest all who are in any way concerned with national education. Except in our public schools, *mens sana in corpore sano* is almost ignored by educationists. Study, first, second, and third, is the maxim, and the transformation of Britain into a second Laputa the objective. Our elementary scholars depend largely upon the personal proclivities of the teachers for their physical education, and when such education is imparted it is given as a rule only to a select few, the boys who may represent the school in inter-school competitions. Many of our secondary schools are past praying for. The attempt to put a gallon of knowledge into a pint brain, to make the standard of the most intellectual the standard for all, has marked the history of many secondary schools with a trail of wrecked young lives. Fitness runs a bad second to passes and honours, and a surcharged brain is counted better than a sound mind in a sound body. If some

progressive scheme on Signals lines could be adopted by the Board of Education, that distant prospect of new A1 for old C3 might come appreciably nearer. It would involve little expenditure of time or money. The tests could be carried out by teachers in school playgrounds, form by form, in the time allotted to "break." The youngsters, with an almost certain prospect of a diploma, could be trusted to do their own

training. There are few better forms of physical training than running and jumping, and the yearly progress necessitated by the scheme would keep the boys at it pretty well all the year round. While we cannot hope yet to reach the heights attained by the schools of some of the American States, in which periodical physical examinations extend as far as blood pressures, annual athletic tests would, at least, equip every schoolmaster with an approximate idea of the physical as well as the mental standard and potentialities of his pupils. The records thereby secured would, in turn, afford guidance to parents when the inevitable time arrived at which an answer must be given to the question, "What shall we do with our boys?"

ALL BLACK MAGIC

THOSE who went to Twickenham last Saturday saw the New Zealand players at their best and at their worst; they saw the London team put up a splendid fight during the first half of the game and then fizzle out like a match dropped in a stream. The "All Blacks" won by their superior weight, combination and condition, which was exactly what one might have expected, seeing that they are an International side and have played together twice a week for the last three months, in addition to some matches in Australia and their own country.

A huge crowd of spectators was thrilled for forty minutes, spellbound for half an hour, and bored, frankly, for the last ten minutes. A few London players were at their best; some resembled the curate's egg; many were disappointing. The worst blow was the comparative failure of the forwards, from whom so much had been hoped. They were much lighter than their opponents—that was not their fault—but as they were eight to the New Zealand seven, they should have done better than they did. Except for some glorious dribbling rushes, led by Wakefield and Browne, they were beaten in all phases of forward play; even in the tight scrummages they did no more than get their share of the ball; for the last half hour they were, with one or two exceptions, a lame and laggard lot.

When I look back on this match in years to come, I shall think only of those stirring incidents in the first half hour, of the splendid tackling by the whole London team, of Millar's two fine tries, of Franklin's kicking and of a "certain liveliness" throughout our whole back division. It must not be thought, however, that the New Zealand team's overwhelming ascendancy after half-time was insignificant; at times it was stupendous, magical, but it was accomplished at the expense of opponents whose defence was riddled, whose attacking movements had become tame and lifeless, whose energy seemed spent.

One feature of this match which we would all willingly forget, if we could, and which completely spoiled most of the second half and certain earlier periods, was the unfair obstructionist tactics with which the New Zealand forwards degraded their play. From the lowest standpoint, such methods were ill-advised and unnecessary. This collection of players from overseas is good enough to win on its merits by ordinary methods; why, then, should it stoop to dirty tricks which can bring it nothing but dishonour and condemnation? These are strong words, but not too strong in the opinion of most of those who watched the game. The referee, himself a famous international player, was either extraordinarily lenient, or failed to see many glaring instances of wilful obstruction, pushing in the line-out and tackling of men who had not got the ball, which were apparent to those in the stands.

To turn to a more pleasant topic—the successes of this match. The outstanding figure among the winners was A. E. Cooke, a five-eighth, who played centre three-quarter on this



occasion. Cooke scored two tries himself and had a hand in most of the others ; he was elusive, he was ubiquitous, he is one of those players who have an unerring instinct for the right thing. Nicholls, at five-eighth, was another who distinguished himself. He placed five goals and, apart from this, his kicking was admirable and he was an invaluable link in the mechanism of the back division.

Another player who took my fancy greatly was Parker, a six-foot, 13st. 7lb. man, who began as a wing forward, but in the second half of the game went out to wing three-quarter. Parker scored two good tries, the last after a superb run down the line. Of the forwards, I liked best, Richardson, who captained the side, but M. Brownlie was the most conspicuous from every point of view.

Among those who can be described as undoubted successes in the London team were R. K. Millar, the Scottish international who displaced Gibbs at the last minute owing to the heavy state of the ground. Millar played splendidly ; he scored London's two tries, on each occasion running with the greatest determination and showing fine speed ; his defence also was quite satisfactory. On the opposite wing, R. H. Hamilton-Wickes was at his best ; his tackling was faultless, his running and kicking were invaluable. He never got a real chance of scoring, but he was one of the brightest spots in the beaten side. The full-back, Franklin, was also a success in a lesser degree. He began very well and his kicking throughout was long and fairly accurate. I think he should have stopped Parker's last try, in spite of the New Zealander's deceptive swerve, but his tackling generally was good, and he got out of some tight corners cleverly.

Wakefield showed us some brilliant flashes of his best form, but he has not been well lately and, in any case, is never at his best until mid-December. W. F. Browne, of the United Services,

was easily the best London forward ; he played a magnificent game from start to finish and lasted to the bitter end. Cove-Smith and Drysdale did good things at times, but the pack, as a whole, was a failure and was played out long before the final whistle was blown. They were quite outclassed in the line-out from touch, and the try scored by Brownlie just before half-time, when London was leading by one point, was the direct result of his being unmarked, an inexcusable lapse. The two half-backs were at their worst. Guthrie was terribly slow in getting the ball out, and many of his passes were deplorable. Lawton was unaccountably hesitating and inefficient and, for once, he was dropping even good passes—a most unusual fault for him. The centres were patchy ; at first they got off the mark well and their defence was sound, but, later, they suffered in the general falling off, their passes were given and taken at a standstill, their defence weakened.

This account may seem to some in the nature of a jeremiad, but, for all that, my confidence in the ability of the England XV to beat the All Blacks on January 3rd is unshaken. Millar's two tries last Saturday were, in my opinion, most significant ; they depended for their success on the fact that four three-quarters were opposed to three. It was the overlapping of that extra man which enabled Millar to run round the defence, and the moral is that our best hope of winning lies in playing the orthodox game, as we know it, with our usual formation.

This much is certain, as the result of the London match, the England pack should hold their own in the scrummages and secure the ball twice out of three times ; we must have speed behind the scrummage, in the centre, at the base of the scrum-mage and in the key position of stand-off half-back ; the whole team must be trained perfectly, so as to last to the end, and—we must watch the line-out.

LEONARD R. TOSWILL.

A TRAVELLER IN PERU

Adventures in Peru, by C. H. Prodgers. (The Bodley Head, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE "Adventures in Bolivia" of Cecil Herbert Prodgers was such remarkable reading that a cordial welcome is sure to be extended to his new book *Adventures in Peru*. Unfortunately, he will never know of it, as he died after a short illness while the book was going through the press. He had, fortunately, finished his little preface, a very characteristic piece of writing. In it he tells when abroad how many letters reached him from all quarters of the globe from people who had experienced the wonderful healing properties of the waters of Peru and Bolivia. A feature of this book, to which we shall refer later, are the excellent additions he has made to those hints. At first let us try to realise the author himself as he is described by a sympathetic friend, Charles J. Maberley of Lambourn. After an education at Stubbington and Eton, when he had attained nineteen years of age, his father bade him seek his fortune in South Africa. He tried diamond digging and store keeping, and once, at least, he was within an ace of making his fortune. He bought a farm from a Dutchman on the instalment system, but his store was looted ; he could not pay one of the instalments, and though his creditor was willing to wait awhile, "I will owe no man," he said, "so you must take to the farm again." The good-natured Dutch owner returned £50 of the money he had already received. Later on the property passed into other hands, diamonds were found, and a company paid £70,000 for it. After taking part in the South African War, Prodgers went to South America, where he began with a spell of railway work and finally became a trainer of racehorses, wherein he achieved a great success. His holidays were spent in expeditions to out-of-the-way parts where white men have rarely penetrated, and we can well understand how he enjoyed them from the relish with which he relates his experiences.

It has often been asked what makes the difference between a man who writes well on his travels and the man who does not. The first quality possessed by the former is, surely, variety of interest, and very few people are keen on so many subjects as our author was.

An instance of the wide range of his mind is the chapter on Indian Poisons and Medicinal Plants, which is both instructive and very interesting. His investigations were carried out in a Nasca valley where the Yungas ruins lay. The chapter begins with a description of the poison in which the Indians dip their arrows. The poisonous element is obtained from a vine with a grey-coloured stem which bears fruit something like an apple. The poison is so deadly that its effect "is almost instantaneous, yet it does not render the flesh of any animal at which it is aimed unfit for human consumption!" The Indians of South America and

also those of South Africa use the castor oil plant as a sovereign remedy for tumours, abscesses and boils. He tried it on a swelling under his shoulder which made its appearance after an accident. The doctor whom he consulted declared that an operation was necessary, but Prodgers said, "He shan't stick a knife into me if I can avoid it," so when he came to a valley where bananas and castor oil plants were growing wild, he hopped out of his trap and secured some of the latter. Before going to bed the same night he doctored the wound in the method thus described :

" . . . I took my horse-lance and nicked the swelling, poulticed it with castor oil leaves (which I had previously steeped in tepid water), and a very few drops of lysol. I renewed the poultice three times during the night, and continued the applications frequently during the two following days.

Naturally the doctor was very much surprised. "Why, what have you been doing to it? It is cured!" he said. His next question was to ask how this wonderful remedy had been heard of, and the answer was :

"From a witch doctor in Africa, near Port Grosvenor in Pondoland, and also from a Chilian half-breed who lived in the great Aconcagua valley."

He gives many other examples of almost miraculous cures by this original treatment. He tells us that the leaf of the wild banana is almost as good a specific for tumours and boils as the castor oil plant, and another most valuable shrub is the papaw tree. It yields a succus, or milk, and natives all over South America use the milk as a remedy for rheumatism. In Zululand it is relegating the old Zulu specific, namely, cow dung, to the background. He gives a very full account of the way in which quinine first began to be used by the educated classes. Enumerating so many of these discoveries may make it appear almost as though the book must be a sort of medicinal chronicle, but, in reality, the charm of it is in the way that the writer goes from one subject to another and ends with a surprise. A good example is the story of the way in which the discovery was made of a specific against the bite of a snake, "the snake stone." We give the extract as a capital illustration of the writer's style, which reminds one of that of the early writers on travel :

Guavas and cauchus are plentiful in most parts of South America. A wine is made from cauchus much resembling champagne Cliquot. One day the Father was looking around for some of these fruits, when a poisonous snake stung his instep. An Indian immediately took a small quantity of black powder from a box that he carried, mixed it into a paste with his spittole and smeared it on the place. Much to Ambrose's surprise, it proved entirely efficacious. Not unnaturally he tried hard to find out what the black powder was, but didn't succeed for two years. Then he was told by a friendly Indian what the ingredients were. Ambrose soon procured a stock, and, after puzzling his brains, managed to fix them up into small stones about the size of a shilling.

The writer vouches for the efficacy of this stone when used

for scorpion bite. He came across one of the stones at St. Augustine's College, Ramsgate, and he applied one to his leg when stung by a poisonous insect.

Contemporary Personalities, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead, P.C., D.L. (Cassell, 21s. net.) *Contemporary Personalities* has been fortunate in the time of its birth. Just as it is coming out the public men of the moment who filled the picture during the election are now falling into their relative positions in the Government or in the Opposition. They are like actors who have performed one act of a drama and are preparing for another, which may be as dramatic as its predecessor. At this point comes on the stage one who has every qualification to be its prompter. Few have been privileged to know our public men so closely as Lord Birkenhead, and few have come into personal contact with so many. The great majority of those who appear among his contemporary personalities are platform men. The first subject dealt with is Mr. Bonar Law, who died some months after the article about him was written. It is one of the pleasantest discourses, showing that when the election of a new Conservative leader was imperative, Mr. Bonar Law "dropped like the gentle rain from heaven upon the harassed Whips." He became Under-Secretary for the Board of Trade under the Marquess of Salisbury, and the steps by which he rose to leadership are told with sympathy and understanding. The best of the sketches, however, is that devoted to the Earl of Rosebery. A flying sketch is given of him at Eton, at Oxford and of his succession to his father's earldom during the year of his majority—a very gay and happy picture it is of the young man dining, dancing Scotch reels, racing and shooting, going to the theatre and making friends with actors, almost the first to drive a cabriolet in the Park, and one about whom there were rumours of his engagement to one of the most famous and beautiful *débutantes* of her day. He seconded the Address to the Throne and strewed the Upper Chamber with such flowers of oratory as "I believe that if Jupiter were to return to earth, and recommence the courtship of Danae, he would woo her in a shower of diplomatic circulars." In 1878 he married the only child of Baron Meyer Rothschild, who had inherited the immense fortune and large estates of her parent. It was then that the *Jewish Chronicle* was moved to an article which opened with "Alas! what degeneracy do we behold!" On the other hand, the old Duke of Cleveland, when congratulated on the brilliant marriage his stepson was making, said cautiously: "Thank you, I do not know the young lady personally; but I am told that the family is well-to-do in the City." So time flows on to the Midlothian campaign and the close friendship between Rosebery and Mr. Gladstone.

A great French lady's opinion of Lord Rosebery comes very near the truth: "Ah, ce Rosebery; voilà le vrai type de gentleman anglais."

A clever sketch is made of Rufus Isaacs, the future Lord Reading. Here is what Lord Birkenhead thinks of his friend: "With the outbreak of war his financial gifts found employment at the Treasury, where he co-operated closely with Mr. Lloyd George in the masterly financial measures which first relieved, and then ended, the formidable crisis in the City. In 1915 he was made President of the Anglo-French Loan Mission to the United States. In 1917 he was sent again to that country as Special Envoy. And in 1918 he became High Commissioner and Special Ambassador to that country."

Most readers will turn to the sketch of Mr. Winston Churchill, whom Lord Birkenhead describes as one of the most remarkable men now living. The most striking passage in the appreciation runs as follows:

"There is about him a simplicity which no other public man of the highest distinction possesses. Lord Morley said of Lord Randolph Churchill that if you educated him you would ruin him. Winston's education has been extremely partial, but he has attained by the force of sheer genius to a mental equipment more complete than most Senior Wranglers and most Heads of Colleges."

Fifty Years of Eton, by Hugh MacNaughten. (George Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE Vice-Provost has spent nearly all his life in the place he loves best in the world, and this fact gives to his book a touching and disarming quality. He has clearly written about it because he wanted to himself, not because other people wanted him to. This has its advantages and disadvantages. He is rather casual and desultory, easily led away by some chance word down obscure little by-paths of memory: he tells of incidents which appear mild if we do not know the people to whom they relate: sometimes, also, perhaps for the same reason, he seems to overflow too readily, calling things "lovely"—a very favourite epithet—which we in reading think no more than pleasant. On the other hand, we get a vividly personal view of Eton from one who, both as an Etonian and a master, is far out of the ordinary run, and that is extremely interesting even to those who feel now and then that they cannot quite live up to it. The two periods of which the Vice-Provost writes most eagerly and fully are a good many years apart. The first covers his own boyhood in College, a time of illustrious Collegers both in work and play, of J. K. S. and Goodhart and Cecil Spring Rice and R. H. Macaulay. It was then that for three successive years College challenged the School to a match in the Field and the glove was not picked up. In 1877 College played nine matches and won them all. For the last match a tremendous team of all the talents was collected to lower their pride, and under the list of names Macaulay wrote "College must win." After the match someone else wrote "College has won." The later period is that in which the author was a house-master. It has some amusing stories of his colleagues, but as regards the boys, it makes rather sad reading, from the fact that so many of the boy heroes of those days fell in the war. According to his own age, very probably the reader will like one part better than the other. One reader, at any rate, definitely prefers the patriotic young Colleger who "only cared for games and the classics" to the almost too anxious and emotional tutor: but very likely he is wrong.

Nell Gwynne, by Arthur J. Dasent. (Macmillan, 18s.)

NELL GWYNNE was reared in a squalid alley, on the eastern side of Drury Lane. In the Bodleian library is her horoscope, which gives her birth in 1650. Her birthplace is disputed, but her parents came from Hereford or Oxford. Whether her father ever came to London is uncertain. Her mother was a drunkard of bad character, and Nell's early years were passed in smutty company. Her singular flight upward

is found fully accounted for in Mr. Dasent's book. As an orange girl at Drury Lane Theatre she must have been marked by beauty and wit, for by seventeen she had reached the stage. Mr. Dasent gives a complete account of the plays in which she acted, a surprisingly long list for a girl destitute of education or training. It must have gone without saying that the Merry Monarch would be captivated. She had bronze-red hair, dark blue eyes, a wild-rose complexion, and from the perfect cupid's bow of a mouth her ready wit must have been entrancing. Her kind heart for the poor made her popular. When a hostile crowd mistook her for the hated Duchess of Portsmouth, she leant out of her carriage window crying, "Pray good people be civil, I am the Protestant mistress." Such irresistible effrontery! Mr. Dasent has reconstructed with map and picture the streets and palaces of Restoration London and the picturesque dissolute society that occupied it. Nell Gwynne shines very white beside the other mistresses of Charles, who preyed upon him and England. They were both witty and gay, she loved him faithfully, though she got—or, rather, took less—from him than any of the others. Charles made her son Duke of St. Albans and gave him the name of Beauclerk as surname. Mr. Dasent humorously suggests from a hazy remembrance that only Henry I could equal him in the number of his illegitimate offspring. The portrait by Lely given as frontispiece shows much of the charm and sweetness, the reckless good nature of pretty, witty Nelly. Mr. Dasent's story adds not only to our knowledge of the time, the actors and their habitations, but to the sort of national affection for Nell.

SOME BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

- BALISAND**, by Joseph Hergesheimer. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)
THE OLD MEN OF THE SEA, by Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)
THE HOUSE IN GARDEN SQUARE, by Netta Syrett. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)
THE ENCHANTED HILL, by Peter B. Kyne. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)
YOUNG DAVE'S WIFE, by M. E. Francis. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)
THE UNDISCOVERED ISLAND, by E. M. Tenison. (Murray, 7s. 6d.)
COLD HARBOUR, by Francis Brett Young. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)
ORPHAN ISLAND, by Rose Macaulay. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)
LAURA, by Ethel Sidgwick. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 7s. 6d.)
MASQUERADES, by Shane Leslie. (Long, 7s. 6d.)

BIOGRAPHY.

- SIXTY-THREE YEARS OF ENGINEERING**, by Sir Francis Fox. (Murray, 18s.)
MEMOIRS OF GENERAL SIR GEORGE RICHARD GREAVES. (Murray, 15s.)
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF RODRIGO BORGIA, by the Rev. Arnold H. Matheu. (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.)
JOSEPH CONRAD, by Ford Madox Ford. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.)
FURTHER MEMORIES OF IRISH LIFE, by Sir Henry A. Robinson. (Jenkins, 15s.)

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

CLEAN ACRES AND SUBSIDIES.

MR. GEORGE W. RAIKES, who writes as a land agent and farmer of over fifty years' experience, has suggested in the *Times* that the most effective way of helping agriculture would be to pay a subsidy to those who have clean acres. His argument is that weeds, since the war, have spread so enormously over the farm lands of Great Britain that they have lowered the produce of foodstuffs to an almost incredible extent. The scheme put forward by Mr. Raikes is ingenious, but we note that, according to his own estimate, it is likely to produce at least one tragic result. In summing up the benefits he says, "The best farmers would be kept on their legs, those who were anxious to farm better would be enabled to do so, and those who were neither would, at any rate, be of no further cost to the State." These results are to be obtained by giving sixty acres at £4 per acre on a 300-acre farm, making a total of £240. This would show that two extra farmer's labourers had been regularly employed during the previous twelve months and that the land was in a condition to grow a full crop of corn, weather permitting, in the following year. This is all very well, but there would be in all probability a considerable number who, in the writer's estimation, "would be of no further cost to the State." That is to say, that though the better farms would be subsidised and the next to them encouraged to do better next year, the third class would be thrown to the wolves. Now, that is not altogether a desirable result. Most men who have the land clean are already making a decent living out of it, they are the pick of their class. The object of a subsidy should be rather to encourage those at the foot of the ladder to be more industrious by giving them a reasonable hope that they would attain at least some reward for their labour. Final judgment of such a scheme ought to be suspended until its merits and demerits have been considered. Suggestions of this kind come, as a rule, suddenly to a man, and defects are not visible to him, and therefore he offers no remedy for them. But, for all that, there may be in the idea some usefulness that would enable it to be worked up into a sound regulation.

A GOOD FRIESIAN SALE.

The sale of the herd of Friesians belonging to Mr. E. Furness, Hamel's Park, Huntingdon, was very satisfactory, taking everything into consideration. Fifty-seven head of cattle were sold for a total of £5,461, an average of £95 16s. The highest price, 1,500 guineas, was obtained from Lord Barnby, of Blyth Hall, Nottinghamshire, who is building up a new herd in Yorkshire. He bought Hamel's Froukjes Roland, first at the Royal Seaton Roland, which was first at the Royal and Highland Shows five years ago, made 200 guineas, and went to Messrs. Wallace, Knebworth. At 600 guineas the bull calf, Hamel's Paulus Potter, was withdrawn. The highest priced cow was Hedge's Familiar 2nd, bought by Mr. David Moseley, Buglawton Hall, Cheshire. Miss M. Smith, Eastingham, Hull, paid 95 guineas for Hamel's Echo. Hamel's First Bloom went to Knebworth at 145 guineas, and Hamel's Empress did so also at 130 guineas. Messrs. Wallace also purchased the young cow Hamel's Ympca for 120 guineas.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE W. H. HUDSON MEMORIAL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Hudson Memorial is now nearing completion, and the Committee hope that it will be finally placed in position on the site granted by the Office of Works, in Hyde Park, before the middle of February, 1925. The response of the public has been very generous towards the fund, and it is a source of great gratification to the Committee that, not only in this country, but in North and South America, friends and admirers of the late Mr. Hudson have come forward to our assistance. As more than a year has now elapsed since the inception of the idea for the Memorial, the prices both of material and labour have been largely increased. Our funds, which would have been ample a year ago, are now insufficient to meet the required outlay. We have every confidence that Mr. Hudson's many admirers, both in the field of literature and that of natural history, will come forward to assist us in procuring the further sum of £300 which is absolutely necessary to complete the design. The poverty of our public monuments in London has always been a subject of remark with foreigners. When this memorial is erected on the beautiful site in Hyde Park, and the work of one of the greatest of modern sculptors is unveiled, we cannot but think that this reproach will be in some measure removed. Subscriptions will be welcomed either by the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE, 20 Tavistock Street, W.C.2, or the Hon. Treasurer, Hudson Memorial Fund, 10-13, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.
BUXTON.
GREY OF FALDON.

A WHITE BLACKBIRD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There has just died in our garden in the Royal Naval Hospital, Chatham, an albino cock blackbird—pure white save for some of the wing and tail feathers. He was a liberal education to us, as we were able to note with certainty the individual life of a blackbird. Among other things we learned how absolutely necessary is water to birds both for drinking and bathing. Our blackbird came for his tub even in the coldest weather,

and we have seen him sliding about the frozen surface of the bird-bath on a fine winter's day vainly going through the motions of throwing water over himself. Born in 1920, he developed his full song in 1921 and in 1922 he definitely chose a mate with whom he lived until his death. Although they nested close to our house, the young blackbirds in the garden were always normal; nevertheless, according to Mendelism, future generations here should reproduce partial or complete albinos. It was in the nesting season that our blackbirds gave us most entertainment. She was apparently an incorrigible flirt and never would he let her out of his sight. When with infinite labour he had nearly tugged a worm out of the ground, he would see his mate escaping to the next garden and, hungry but persistent, would follow, scolding lustily. Only when the nest was finished and she was safely settled on the eggs could he once more enjoy life and take unhurried meals of luscious worms in comfort. In December, 1923, we lost him for a fortnight, but finally tracked him down through noticing a hen blackbird constantly outside a bed of artichokes. There, hiding among the stalks, was our cock blackbird in a pitiable condition of moulting. We suspected, though we could never prove it, that the hen, if she did not actually feed her husband, dug up grubs for him. In any case she haunted those artichokes until finally he emerged handsome as ever in his new white plumage. In the very early spring of 1924 he again moulted, and from this moult he never recovered; indeed, for the remaining months of his life he had no tail. This destroyed his balance and made flying difficult. He seldom sang and at last one day, in full view of the gardener, he fell over on the lawn and lay still—dead. It would be interesting to know the usual span of a blackbird's life and if albinos are as a rule less healthy than their normal fellows.—ELLEN BEADNELL.

CLOUD PHOTOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of November 1st, you published some beautiful photographs of clouds. I hope, therefore, that you may also like to publish this one by Miss E. J. Smith,

which appears to me worthy to be in the same good company.—H. P.

THE BELLS AT ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the account of St. Michael's Mount, which appeared in your issue of November 8th, your contributor says nothing about the bells in the tower. In the "Church Bells of Cornwall," by Mr. E. H. W. Dunkin, published in 1878, he says that when he visited the tower some fifty years ago he found five out of the peal of six bells lying useless on the floor of the bell-chamber. The second and third were broken, but the other bells were apparently sound. The tenor alone was hung "dead," secured to a beam in the middle of the bell-chamber for the clock to strike upon. I herewith send you the inscriptions on these bells, which I think will be of interest to your readers. Treble: + Ordo Potestatum [in black letter with Lombardic capitals]. Second: COME AWAY MAKE NO DELAY. 1785 [in Roman capitals]. Third: CHARLES & JOHN RUDHALL FE (sic for "fecerunt") [in Roman capitals]. Fourth: Spiritus Sanctus est Deus. + Gabriel + Sancte Paule Ora Pro Nobis. (Below) Ordo Virtutum. —Maria [all in black letter with Lombardic capitals crowned]. Fifth: Filius et Deus. + Raphael + Sancta Margareta Ora Pro Nobis. (Below) Ordo Archangelorum. [all in black letter with Lombardic capitals crowned]. Tenor: SOLI: DEO: DEVTER: (i.e., "detur") GLORIA: 1640 I.P. (four impressions of coins) [in large Roman capitals]. This bell was cast by John Pennington. No doubt the former bell was inscribed "Pater est Deus." According to Dr. Borlase's MS., the former second bell was inscribed "Sancte Nicholae ora pro nobis.—Ordo Principatum."—J. R. JERRAM.

HAIRLESS MICE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sure you will be interested to learn that I have just had a pair of hairless mice sent me from London. They differ very considerably from the specimens recorded in 1857, 1906, and from the two I recorded a year ago, all of which were a sort of hippopotamus tint, but these are a pretty silvery pink colour, with black eyes.—H. C. BROOKES.



SUMMER CLOUDS.

SHOPPING IN JAPAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the suburbs of Kioto in Japan, we often meet on the way vegetable sellers who carry their farm products on shoulders by means of a pole, as may be imagined in the picture. This illustration shows a Japanese lady on her way back from a stroll, making a bargain with a wood seller to get a nice pumpkin for dinner.—KIYOSHI SAKAMOTO.

BIRD SANCTUARIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Would not more thought help to give shelter and protection to bird-life? All can help. A morning feast of bread-crumbs, a water-bowl in the garden. Where I am writing, a few miles west of Hyde Park, I have a rookery going back by tradition for centuries. In my trees this spring I counted ninety-six rooks' nests. The parents came to my front door, with starlings, blackbirds, thrushes, sparrows, to be fed, and robins are my companions as I dig, and when I sit down to rest they come and sit on the seat beside me. The cuckoo comes on a visit. Owls call just outside my window. Rare birds also find their home where I find mine. I sometimes say: O, had I the wings of a dove! Doves there are here—emblems of peace, and peace they enjoy with many near and distant relations and friends.—BIRD-LOVER.

AN OLD LONDON FLOOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While carrying out some repairs recently at the Grey Coat Hospital it was deemed advisable to strip the library floor as an "exploratory operation." This revealed the massive and very curious framework of old beams shown in the accompanying photograph. The beams, which are of fir, are about 10ins. by 12ins. square, and are rough adzed. They are in very fair condition, and it is not proposed to remove them.—G. FREDERIC TURNER.

IN CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You have had pictures of Flatford Mill before, but not, I think, quite from this point of view, which strikes me as so charming that I hope you may publish it. The mill, which stands by the river Stour, was at one time the home of Golding Constable, John Constable's

father, and the picture of it in the National Gallery is, of course, famous. The mill is still used, corn being ground there. The house is occupied by Mr. Friswell, the artist. John



BARGAINING FOR A PUMPKIN.

SPARROWS AND ANTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was recently much interested in the behaviour of some sparrows in my garden.

On one exceedingly hot afternoon I noticed quite thirty of them obviously waiting for something outside a small greenhouse. They were sitting on the spouting, on the sills, and any portion of the framework they could perch on, all apparently watching something inside the house, and occasionally one would flutter up against the windowpane as if he were trying to force an entrance. Being unable to think what they could be doing there, I went into the garden to see, but of course they all flew away at once! However, I went to see if the greenhouse could afford any solution of their mysterious behaviour. The door had been closed all day (owing to my forgetfulness) and the heat in there

was terrific—it being in a very sunny spot—and I suppose this great heat had caused some ants to swarm under the staging, and the winged ones were busily crawling up the woodwork and all over the plants. I did not think of them in connection with the sparrows, but as soon as I had gone indoors again and was standing in a window to watch, I saw the sparrows immediately fly back in a great hurry to their old positions, while six or seven of them, with a young robin, flew boldly through the open door right into the greenhouse and became exceedingly busy catching the winged ants and eating them as fast as they could; they flew about all over the place—fortunately without damaging either my flowers or my peaches—hastily swallowing their prey, which they seemed to have no difficulty in securing. I then noticed that those sparrows outside on the spouting were waiting for the ants, which were creeping through small crevices between the panes of glass and the woodwork, and they were pouncing on each one as it appeared. They must have accounted for hundreds of the insects, for they were in and around the greenhouse for nearly an hour. At the same time we had several lots of ants swarm in the gravel path; they came up through tiny holes about the size of a small pencil, and I saw one young robin standing close to one of these little holes, and each time a winged ant emerged he put his little head on one side and made a quick dart at it with his beak and—the ant was no more! He ate to repletion, and was eventually compelled to retire, being quite unable to cope with the numbers that issued from the hole. I understand that the birds will only devour the winged ants, the others containing so much formic acid that they are unpalatable.

—ETHEL F. READ.



AN OLD FLOOR AT THE GREY COAT HOSPITAL.

Constable was born in East Bergholt in 1776, but his birthplace no longer exists. It stood north of the church. Nothing but the stables now remain, and these have been converted into cottages.—F. A. GIRLING.



FLATFORD MILL.

TWO REMARKABLE RACES

THE PROWESS OF ST. GERMANS AND DIOMEDES AT HURST PARK.

THE dramatic race for the Derby Cup, the overwhelming defeat of the Oaks winner Straitlace by Lord Astor's colt St. Germans, and the convincing triumph of the two year old colt Diomedes over three other unbeaten ones of his age are fitting subjects for interesting discussion this week. I would like, however, to touch on the matter of the training of the King's racehorses. It is one in which all interested in racing, and who realise how much His Majesty's patronage of the Turf means, are naturally very much concerned. The passing from active service of Mr. Richard Marsh is an event which is wholly unexpected, and must not be allowed to take place without an expression of great admiration for all the splendid achievements of his long career and the example he at all times set of loyalty to two Kings, integrity and high personal honour. In the latter respect he set a wonderful example to all who came to undertake the training of racehorses. He also set an example, which was recognised on all hands, of how to bring the racehorse to the perfection of physical fitness. He was a master of his craft, whose name will always be associated with the great trainers in the history of the Turf in this country.

The question of his successor does not seem to have been taken in hand until after the resignation of Mr. Marsh had been announced from Buckingham Palace. Naturally, I suppose it would not be. In the interval rumour has been busy with several names, but I believe that the only one submitted to His Majesty was that of William R. Jarvis, and I fully expect that by the time these notes are in print the fact of his appointment will have been formally announced. If I may say so, it is a good choice. He may not have anything like the personality of the man he is succeeding, but then Richard Marsh was altogether an exceptional man as well as an exceptional trainer. W. R. Jarvis is a comparatively young man, bred into training, as it were, and steeped in the lore of the profession. He learned much of the groundwork during the nine years he lived with his uncle, the late Mr. James Ryan, who was at Green Lodge, Newmarket. Basil Jarvis, another nephew, lives there to-day. Another brother, and the youngest of the three, is Jack Jarvis, who has been so eminently successful for Lord Rosebery and Sir George Bullough. Somehow Willie Jarvis, the eldest, does not seem to have had the same chances, but one cannot doubt that he will succeed for the King, assuming that the horses at Egerton House are good enough to give him his chance. The trouble is the common and quite fashionable one that the horses are not as good as we would like them to be. Willie Jarvis, I am sure, will give them every chance to prove any worth they may possess, and it only remains to wish him every success from the moment he takes over the reins, as it were, from the very juvenile "veteran" he is following.

I found, personally, the two races at Hurst Park by far the most attractive events of the week with which I have to deal. Yet before touching on them I should like to refer to the race for the Derby Cup. The result was very remarkable, since only by a short head did Lord Derby's 10 to 1 chance, Spindrift, beat his older horse, and the favourite, Highbrow. The winner carried the second colours, and so far as one could judge there was sound reason for preferring the older horse. His pretensions had been advertised by the doings of a three year old named Wandering Monk, and there was very real doubt that the small apprentice rider, Sirett, would be able to get the best out of the filly. In two previous races she had won she had appeared to take a tremendous amount of riding. All one can conclude is that she is one of the rare sort that will give of their best only on a race-course and will keep on responding to the strongest pressure. In addition it is very likely that the filly has come on a lot during the last couple of months.

The reader familiar with the incidents of racing this season does not need to be reminded of those circumstances which invested the meeting of Straitlace and St. Germans at Hurst Park last Saturday with an interest far beyond the ordinary. The one was the best filly of her age, and this was to be her last race prior to going to the stud. She ranked as the Oaks winner and of the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, her only defeat having been when, owing to lack of condition, she was third to Plack and Mumtaz Mahal for the One Thousand Guineas. We saw at Epsom how readily she turned the tables on Plack and how the non-staying Mumtaz Mahal was disposed of at Ascot. Hence some sound arguments could be stated for regarding her not only as the best of her sex but as the best of her year of either sex. This point might have been settled had she been able to take part in the St. Leger.

It is rather extraordinary that both the rivals of Saturday last should have been prevented from running for the St. Leger because of coughing. Since then St. Germans has figured very much in the limelight of success. He has been winning his races in the style of a rapidly improving high-class colt. I have had the greatest admiration for him, if only because he has won those races in such fluent style and has shown himself not only a colt possessed of very fine speed, but also of stamina.

That St. Germans should have beaten Straitlace need not have been a matter for surprise, but that he should have so completely trounced her was a very big surprise indeed. It may be a matter for regret that there were no pacemakers to ensure a good gallop from end to end, and everyone with any knowledge of the subject knows how a match can sometimes have a false result. In this case I am satisfied there was no false issue, but if any extenuating circumstance can be advanced on behalf of the filly it is that she was compelled to make the running until such time as Frank Bullock chose to sail past her with the greatest ease. Elliott on the filly tried at the outset to fall behind the colt, but the latter's jockey would have none of that. Therefore Straitlace had to get on with it, and at one time there was a gap between them of anything from four to five lengths. That happened a long way from home.

It was inside two furlongs of the finish of the mile and six furlongs that Bullock asked his colt to go up to and pass the filly, but before this happened the latter was beaten. She crumpled up so quickly that one can only assume she could not possibly have been at her best. But the fashion in which the colt sprinted past her and away from her was a sight to see. St. Germans stamped himself as a high-class colt with the undoubted attribute of gameness, and it goes without saying that there are quite a lot of people who are claiming that he is the best of the year. In the Derby he was second, but Sansovino beat him many lengths. The Derby winner, I am sure, was not himself at Doncaster, but strictly on form he must take rank as the best. Any doubt there may be simply adds to the attractions of what 1925 may have in store.

Then there was the event for the two year olds, for which Saucy Sue was entered in the first instance, but withdrawn some time ago when Lord Astor decided to retire her for the season. There remained four unbeaten colts, namely, Zionist, Diomedes, Loddington and Priory Park. The keenest rivalry was between Zionist and Diomedes, and in the result the former was favourite, his friends doubtless being chiefly influenced by the fact of his having won all his races easily, especially the Dewhurst plate, which was over a distance of seven furlongs, while this late season test at Hurst Park was over six furlongs. Diomedes, too, has won all his races readily enough, but his critics argued that he had never been over more than five furlongs. Nevertheless he was immensely believed in by a big following, and in the result he rewarded his friends most handsomely.

Now a word or two about the four others. Priory Park is the colt owned by the Chichester butcher, Mr. C. Howard. At Goodwood this colt had won the Molecombe Stakes, one that finished many lengths behind him being Bucellas, who later won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. It was discovered after his Goodwood race that Bucellas had been "got at." On the face of it Priory Park had not achieved much in that only appearance in public. So much could be judged from what those he accounted for have done since. Yet many believed he was going to win this Hurst Park race, and show himself something of a wonder horse. He finished last of all! Loddington had won his only two races, and in the case of Prompt, who ran for Mr. Sol Joel, it is certain that she has merit which entitled her to take part in this race. The pity of it was that Saucy Sue and Picaroon could not also be in the field. Still, it was very satisfactory to have so much enlightenment as the result furnished in the cases of Diomedes, Zionist and Priory Park.

Had not the race taken place we should have been wondering until the time shall come many months hence exactly what the status of the three really was. We know now that Diomedes is a champion youngster, for he won this race in very fine style, taking the lead off Priory Park some way from home and never afterwards being headed, so that he won by two lengths from Prompt and Loddington, with Zionist and Priory Park fourth and fifth respectively. I could see no excuse for Zionist, whose running did undoubtedly come as a big shock to the Aga Khan and his trainer. We may be told that he was not at his best. All I can say is that he was turned out to the satisfaction of his trainer, and that, so far as I could see, there was no excuse for his quite complete failure.

Priory Park did no more than show good speed in the opening stages, but then Diomedes simply played with him immediately his jockey allowed him to take up the running. Prompt, with her big stride, and Loddington, who is unquestionably smart, ran well without ever giving the idea that one or the other would trouble Diomedes. It is more than ever regrettable that the winner is not in the classic races. He cost under 200 guineas as a yearling at the Dublin sales, and after he won his first race at Liverpool in the first week of the season he was sold for £3,000, being purchased by Mrs. Beer and presented to her son, Mr. Sidney Beer.

The end of flat racing will be reached this week end, and though it is not the way of favourites to win their races, especially should those events be big handicaps, I am very hopeful of Diamyo placing the Manchester November Handicap to the credit of Mr. Washington Singer.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

A VERY SIGNIFICANT SALE

CORPORATE bodies have been selling land, and the inferences to be drawn from their doing so have been duly explained and commented upon in the Estate Market columns of COUNTRY LIFE at any time in the last five or six years. It is of the highest significance now to find that one of the Cambridge Colleges—Trinity, as a matter of fact—has entered the market as a buyer on a very large scale. A tract of approximately 3,000 acres, near Newark-on-Trent, has this week been bought privately by that College, from Lord Middleton. Lots 175-240, being all the Stapleford and Carrington-le-Moorland section of the property, have been acquired, leaving only the South Muskham portion, 2,600 acres, for auction next Wednesday at Newark, by Messrs. Thurgood, Martin and Eve. We may recall that when the real estate policy of the Colleges was under expert review two or three years ago, the disposal rather than the acquisition of land seemed to be favoured, so that the transaction now announced—and it is not the only example, though we are not yet at liberty to name the others—is exceedingly interesting to owners and investors.

PICCADILLY FREEHOLD SOLD.

DURING the last day or two the negotiations for the sale of the freehold sites in Piccadilly and Stratton Street, formerly belonging to the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, have been concluded by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The property was dealt with two or three years ago for the executors, and it has now been acquired by purchasers who intend to erect on the site a block of flats which are to excel in size and luxury of equipment practically anything at present existing in the West End. The ground floor, with its extensive frontages, including those facing the Devonshire House site, is to be used for shops. Proportionate to its size, the sum which is to be expended on covering this site is far larger than has hitherto been the rule in London. Plans are ready, and the scheme will be carried out at once. The price obtained by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. reveals a strong recent upward movement in values in Piccadilly.

BLACKMORE PARK, MALVERN.

BLACKMORE PARK, to be submitted to auction at Malvern next Thursday, the 27th inst., has long been associated with the Dukes of Gondalphi. It was in 1548 that the Blackmore Park estates were granted to Sir John Hornby, but, the male line failing in early Victorian days, the heiress carried the property to the ancient Genoese noble family of Gondalphi, which took the name of Gondalphi-Hornby and now holds a dukedom created by the Vatican. Within twenty years the family inhabited no fewer than three Blackmore Park houses, for the ancient home of the Hornby's was rebuilt in 1862, to be almost entirely burned down in 1880, the present building being erected in 1882. Adjoining the mansion is a Roman Catholic chapel, which escaped the fire. Besides the mansion there will be 411 acres in the sale, including grazing farms and building sites near Great Malvern.

Meandering through the rich feeding lands, known as Letchmoor Meadows, near Presteigne, on the Hereford and Radnor borders, is the river Lugg. Early next month Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will offer nearly 1½ miles of dry fly trout and grayling fishing therein, together with the meadowland of 93 acres. The fishing is a noted one, for the river holds a good head of fish, and in May-fly time, baskets of ten brace of trout, averaging a pound each, may be obtained; several one-and-a-half pounders were landed last season.

Edgware land is coming into the market, this time it is the Upper and Lower Hale Farms, which will be submitted to auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Cross and Cross. The 37 acres are within a few minutes of the "Tube" terminus, practically adjoining Broadfields, recently sold by the Hanover Square firm, when some lots realised £1,000 an acre.

A £40,000 GROTTO.

JUST five years ago we announced in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE (Nov. 1st, 1919), the sale of Oatlands Lodge, Weybridge, to a company for the production

of cinematograph films. The mansion and 20 acres had been bought-in, a few weeks earlier, at £14,000, and the sale was effected by Messrs. Curtis and Henson. Now the Receiver for the Debenture Holders of Hepworth Picture Plays (1922), Limited, has instructed Messrs. Goddard and Smith to offer Oatlands Lodge, again with 20 acres, by auction at their rooms in King Street, St. James's, and the famous grotto is once more under the hammer. It was constructed in 1747, by Henry Pelham-Clinton, 9th Earl of Lincoln, at a cost of £40,000.

BREAK-UP OF BLACKADDER.

ONCE more the name of Messrs. Perry and Phillips comes before us in connection with a well known seat, and once more it is a "demolition sale" that is contemplated. A few weeks ago it did so in regard to Wood Norton, but the fate of demolition was averted in that instance. This time it is Blackadder House, nine miles from Berwick-on-Tweed. The auction is on December 11th and 12th.

The 600 lots include 10,750 sq. ft. of pine flooring; 2,200 sq. ft. of oak floors; 205 oak, mahogany and other doors; 124 windows, 26 radiators; fittings of a dozen bathrooms; 32 carved oak, marble and granite mantelpieces; the nobly proportioned grand staircase of stone with wrought iron balustrades; lifts, and, after these have been sold, the carcass of the house and the garden ornaments, which, by the way, include old sundials, vases and other stonework. An immense weight of old lead—which is much better in quality than that now sold—is also to be disposed of, and, if the sale goes to its expected conclusion, there will be nothing but a vacant site where now stands the mansion so lately mentioned in these columns as being for sale by order of Lady Houston-Boswall of Blackadder.

When it came into the hands of Messrs. John D. Wood a couple of years ago for realisation, the Blackadder estate exceeded 5,000 acres. The sale of the estate by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. was announced in COUNTRY LIFE on May 3rd of the present year.

TWO OLD SUFFOLK SEATS.

HARDWICK HOUSE, Bury St. Edmunds, to be sold in that town, on December 11th, by Messrs. Salter, Simpson and Sons, by order of the Treasury Solicitor, in the matter of the late Dame Anne Cullum, is a pleasantly placed seventeenth century seat, in a park of 200 acres. Originally known as Herdwick the estate once belonged to the monastery of St. Edmundsbury. At the Dissolution it was granted by the King to Sir Thomas Darcy, and after passing through other hands, was purchased by Sir Robert Drury, and, subsequently in 1656, by Thomas Cullum, who was created a baronet in 1660. The estate held for eight generations by his descendants, until the death in 1921 of Mr. George Gery Milner-Gibson-Cullum, thus remained the seat of the Cullum family for centuries. It is now vested in the Crown. The house was rebuilt in 1681, and alterations were made about 1839.

Hawstead Place, also forming part of the estate claims some historical interest, Queen Elizabeth visiting it in 1578. The moat and a portion of the original brickwork remain.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY HOUSE.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY HOUSE, and 4 acres adjoining the Abbey ruins, have been bought by the Leeds Corporation, for £6,000, from Major B. H. Butler. It is the original gatehouse of the monastery, to which the Cistercians moved from Barnoldswick in the year 1152, and was built two years later. The Butler family has held the property for centuries. The vendor is leaving in the house certain rare tapestries and two paintings. The Abbot's room is still intact, and the stonework of the gateway is preserved, though bricked up underneath. An adjoining owner, Colonel Harding, has given 6 acres close by, for, though the nominal purchase money was £5,000, he is returning it for the acquisition of other objects of historic importance. Thus the citizens of Leeds have become the owners of another notable estate. Two years ago Templin Newsam was generously given to the city by the Hon. E. F. L. Wood, M.P.

Over £56,000 worth of the Offchurch estate, Leamington, has now been sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock.

Next Tuesday at Castleton, Losehill Hall and 1,550 acres in the Peak country, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners in sixty-seven lots. The Hall overlooks the ruins of Peveril Castle ("Peveril of the Peak"). The firm is to sell three farms of 1,700 acres on the Normanton estate, now farmed by the Earl of Ancaster, with possession next April.

A QUICK RE-SALE OF LAND.

NEARLY all the village of Wilton, in the North Riding, and 1,720 acres, were recently bought by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., for a client, who ordered them to offer the land by auction last week but they found a buyer for the whole in advance. They are to sell Stoke Holy Cross, a sporting estate of over 820 acres, six miles from Norwich, with a house in the Elizabethan style, and variegated grounds, in which is a "theatre garden," with lily pond.

Heywood House, Westbury, Wiltshire, and 225 acres, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Harrods, Limited, at Trowbridge, on December 8th. It is a good house in the Tudor style, in a park which has a large lake. The price is very moderate. Heywood is well placed for hunting with the Avon Vale, Duke of Beaufort's and the V. W. H.

The Croft, Ropley, and 10 acres, and houses in or near Winchester have changed hands through Messrs. Harding and Harding. A Sussex coast freehold of nearly 10 acres, Osborn House, Ore, near Hastings, has been sold by Messrs. Clark and Mansfield.

Fyfield Manor, Pewsey, near Marlborough, an original Tudor house with oak panelling, open fireplaces, and moulded beams, with old grounds and 47 acres, has found a purchaser, through the agency of Messrs. Norfolk and Prior, in conjunction with Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The manor house is reputed to have been erected for the Hungerford family, whose arms are displayed on the garden walls; it subsequently passed to the Penruddocke family, with whom it remained until a few years since. This house has sometimes been, but should not be, confused with Fyfield, which was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (April 5th, 1919, page 368), and there is another Fyfield, in Essex, also of historical interest.

DEMAND FOR TOWN PROPERTIES.

PRIVATE sales by Messrs. Wm. Willett, Limited, in the last few days include Regency House, Roehampton; Ansty Place, Cuckfield; Wyvern and The Sambucus, in Vallance Gardens and Prince's Avenue respectively, at Hove; The Gables, Boxmoor; and many town properties, among them No. 7, Lygon Place, Belgrave; No. 9, Eaton Terrace; No. 18, Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington, with Messrs. Row and Sons; No. 88, Cadogan Place, with Messrs. Berry and Strouts; No. 31, Lennox Gardens, with Messrs. White, Berry and Taylor; Nos. 6, Collingham Gardens and 34 Ashburn Place, with Messrs. Rogers, Chapman and Thomas; and houses in Carlyle Square, Chelsea, and at Hampstead Heath.

A Norman Shaw freehold in Queen's Gate, South Kensington, of which a picture appeared in the Supplement last week (page xix), is for sale by Messrs. Collins and Collins. It faces south, near the Imperial Institute and Royal Albert Hall.

A very long list of private transactions has been compiled in the last week, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, among the properties being Hast Hill, Hayes Common, a modern house and 12 acres, with Messrs. Baxter, Payne and Lepper; Purley property, with Messrs. Frank Chown and White; Cwmllcoedig, a Montgomeryshire estate of 440 acres; White Hall, Little Budworth, Cheshire, 24 acres, with the Earle Estate Office Agency; Fag's End and 4 acres at Cookham Dean; a freehold in The Drive at Hove; another freehold in Pembridge Place, Bayswater; and many Wimbledon and other properties, among them riverside residences at Streatham and elsewhere.

As many as five of the old Queen Anne houses in the vicinity of Christ Church, Hampstead Heath, have changed hands in a month or two, through Messrs. Potters, the latest being No. 1, Elm Row, abutting on Heath Street.

ARBITER.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN RIVIERA.—II

THE KNYSNA.

THE Knysna lies in almost primeval solitude on the south-eastern slopes of the Cape Province, between Mossel Bay and Port Elizabeth. I had heard high praise of the scenery, and was bent on seeing an aboriginal forest where some of the great trees still survive which are peculiar to South Africa.

The journey to Port Elizabeth *via* Knysna (a distance of about 200 miles) must be made by the coast road. A new railway from George to Knysna (fifty-three miles distant) is promised in the near future, and if this scheme is carried out the whole district will become more accessible. The coast road runs through a strip of land between the sea on the right and the mountains on the left. No fewer than ten rivers are crossed on the journey between George and Knysna. Shortly after leaving George the road enters the forest belt and begins to rise and fall through wooded ravines and deeply cut river beds. Neither are they empty beds after the common fashion of South African rivers. Tawny coloured streams pour down the steep mountain-sides on their short journey to the sea.

Fourteen miles from George lies a district of special charm and originality, known as The Wilderness. You turn off the main road to Knysna and follow a track to the right which descends abruptly to the sea after winding along the hillside. Suddenly a wonderful panorama opens at your feet. The blue waters of the Indian Ocean stretch in a vast bay from Cape St. Blaize, near Mossel Bay, to the dim horizon eastward, beyond which lie the Knysna Heads. Far below, the great rollers fall with the sound of thunder on a beach guarded by a fringe of sandhills. Within the sandhills are a chain of inland lakes as placid as the sea beyond is stormy. The wooded hills stretch down fresh and green to the shores of the lagoons, which are connected by a narrow channel of water known as the Serpentine.



ON THE KLEIN RIVER, HERMANUS.

The road winds sharply down the hillside and emerges finally on a glorious stretch of yellow sand. On the bank of the lagoon nearest the sea stands a homestead known as Fairy Knowe, an ideal holiday resort ideally situated. Two capable and charming women—Mrs. Dumbleton at the Wilderness, Mrs. Read at Keurbooms River farther east—lay all visitors to the Knysna under very real obligations. But for their boarding-houses and the comfort they provide, the districts they serve respectively would for all practical purposes be inaccessible.

Fairy Knowe and the Homestead at Keurbooms River are not hotels in the ordinary sense of the term. They are farmhouses adapted to meet the needs of the passing traveller. Personally, I could gladly have spent weeks in either place,

though the Wilderness with its chain of lakes close at hand has, I think, the greater attractions to offer. Seen from the hillside far above, the little group of thatched "rondafels" which cluster round Fairy Knowe gleam white and attractive in the sunshine. Fishing, boating, swimming may be had in the placid waters of the lagoon, and a few minutes' walk over the sand barrier brings one on to the beach, with all the sport and exhilaration of sea bathing among big rollers. This, I should add, must be engaged in circumspectly, for it is a dangerous coast with a very heavy swell.

An excursion by boat may be made to a spot near at hand of rare charm and beauty, known as the Ebb and Flow. Near Dumbleton's the Touw River enters the lagoon and the Ebb and Flow is the last stage of the journey. You take a boat and float up the stream between banks which contract as the journey advances. Clouds, crags, foliage are all reflected in the amber-coloured water as it flows between wooded hills. Great trees overhang the river and every leaf is outlined as you look over the side of the boat.



SANDHILLS, HEX RIVER.

No less beautiful are the tree ferns and blue agapanthus lilies which are reflected with equal fidelity on the face of the waters. The picture is one of indescribable greenness and peace and beauty. Brilliant shafts of sunlight fall on the stream and throw the crags with their dark foliage into high relief. Here and there strange birds flit among the semi-tropical foliage—especially exquisite in the sunshine was a small blue bird which fluttered its wings undismayed at our appearance. The silence was intense, only broken by the creaking of the oars as our Kaffir boy pulled us leisurely up-stream. Shelley's lines, written of another continent and another clime, came into my mind as we wound our way among the many bends and turns of this enchanted river :

It seems to float ever for ever
Upon that many winding river
Between mountains, woods, abysses
A paradise of wildernesses.
Till like one in slumber bound
Borne to the ocean I float down around
Into a sea profound.

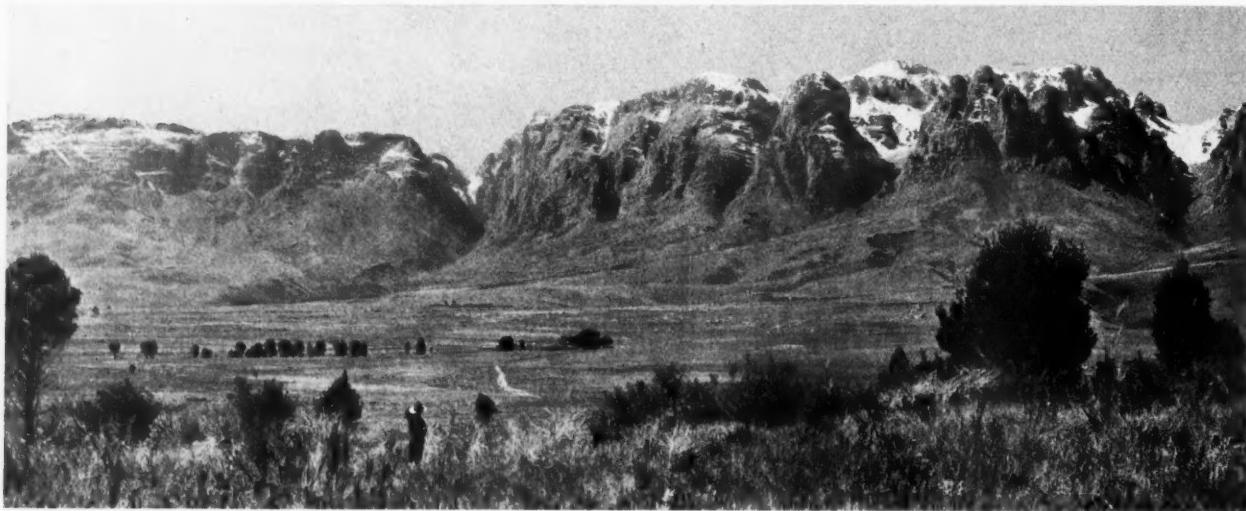
We tore ourselves with infinite reluctance from Fairy Knowe and made our way through the straggling township of Knysna to Kuerbooms River. Once again the road passes among rivers and gorges, sometimes in open country, sometimes entering a changing panorama of patches of virgin forest. Formerly elephants were common in this neighbourhood, but I cannot pretend that we were favoured with even a fractional glimpse of trunk or tusk : such wild animals as survive in the forests are protected, I believe, as carefully as the native timber. From the top of the Phantom Pass, 700ft. above Knysna, there is a very fine view of the surrounding country. The Knysna River

way to the little estuary. The mountains, heavily wooded, rise tier on tier above the ravine, which opens out at this point as though to give the river free passage to the sea near at hand.

VIOLET MARKHAM.

GARDENS OF SOUTH AFRICA

THOSE who have read Miss Violet Markham's charming account of the scenery of South Africa will be well advised to read in connection with it "Gardens of South Africa," by Dorothy Fairbridge (A. and C. Black, 10s. 6d. net.). The writer begins with the Gardens of the Pioneers. They have passed through some vicissitudes, but there has been considerable recovery made during the last few years. She then goes on to describe some of the more important gardens in South Africa. Bishopscourt, the residence of Archbishop Carter, is the first one. The garden had been allowed to grow as it pleased until the arrival of the Archbishop and Mrs. Carter. The latter has made of this rich disorder a very lovely garden. It is fortunate for them that the Liesbeek River flows through the grounds and has thus facilitated the making of pools and cascades, very welcome in a garden during the still heat of a summer day. It is notable for the number of English flowers growing, such a primroses, blue forget-me-nots, mimulus and bluebells, day lilies and watercress, very much as they might grow in a Sussex garden. Looking down on them from



LOOKING TOWARDS THE GREAT KAROO.

opens out into a land-locked estuary of considerable size before flowing into the sea through the perilous gateway of the Heads. The township of Knysna is an attractive little place, and its day will come when linked up with the outer world by railway.

After leaving Knysna we followed the Port Elizabeth road, where gum trees, with vivid clusters of red flowers, brighten up the landscape. We were making for the shelter of Mrs. Read's hospitable roof near the mouth of the Kuerbooms river, twenty-four miles distant. This brought us into another great sweep of coast-line and sea known as Plettenberg Bay. Keurbooms River is a considerable stream, crossed by a pontoon bridge, and may be explored by motor boat. Like the Ebb and Flow, fine native timber grows on its bank, but being on a larger scale Keurbooms has not the exquisite and *intime* quality of the Touw River at the Wilderness.

Read's Hotel was our last halting place before retracing our steps to George, though under our driver's guidance we explored still farther to the east and saw the Groot River and the beginnings of the Tzitzikama forest. The scenery grows majestic as the outskirts of the Tzitzikama forest are reached. The fall of the land of the Groot River is particularly fine owing to the splendid timber which covers the mountain-side. Here are the great native trees, yellow-wood, stink-wood and so on, but the note of the vegetation has become more tropical. The vivid greens of palms, tree ferns and other luxuriant creepers are thrown into high relief by the dark foliage of the undergrowth. Very graceful, too, are the festoons of wild vines which drape trees and rocks alike.

I have no recollection of South Africa more beautiful than the drift of the Groot River where a shallow stream crosses the track (the road is not bridged) at a point overhung by noble trees. Above and below the drift are pools of the familiar amber-coloured water, and the stream murmurs gently on its

the mountains are stone pines, oleanders, glowing bougainvilles and bignonias.

Mr. Ardern's garden at The Hill is about a mile from Bishopscourt. It is difficult to condense the description into short space, but we were struck with the number of flowering shrubs which flourish on the soil. Selections from them are : "Pavetta caffra, with snow-white flowers; Pavetta Burchelli, with glossy leaves and orange-red blossoms; Tecomaria Capensis, now well known in England; Plumbago Capensis, in blue and white varieties, which are largely used for live fences and which enliven many an African country lane; Dais cotinifolia, with its delicate, lilac-coloured blossoms; Greyia Sutherlandii, with its geranium-like foliage and corymbs of rich red flowers." Another famous garden is that at Villa Arcadia near Johannesburg, where Lady Phillips has made use of natural features, leaving the kopjes crowned with their native plants, the garden itself being, in summer, a veritable paradise for bush heliotrope and roses.

We can only give a sample of Miss Fairbridge's writing, but it will be sufficient to show the gorgeousness, the wealth of colour and the free growth characteristic of the gardens of South Africa. Plenty of opportunity is afforded of making pergolas, water gardens and other ornamental features which demand for their full effect a very liberal growth. There are in the book chapters on Gardens of Eternal Summer, Gardens of Rainless Winters, and on special gardens for drought. Perhaps to many the most interesting feature of the book will be found in the writer's knowledge of the flowers of South Africa, both of the garden and of the wild, the native plants for rock or wild garden, bulbs and bulbous plants, native flowering trees and shrubs, and, last but not least, nature's garden, or the flowers that grow spontaneously wherever they can find a footing. The reading of the book leaves behind it a mind full of dreams and visions of exquisite colours, fragrant scents and vegetation flourishing to the verge of riot.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

THE COLLEY FORE-END ELEVATOR.

MR. F. N. HORNE writes: "There are two paragraphs in your criticism of the above article in COUNTRY LIFE of the 8th inst. to which I should be obliged if you would allow me to reply. Your contributor states 'I cannot argue the case of the three shooters for apparently the gun is a perfect fit for all, and that being so it is solely a question of their skill as shooters to bring the muzzles into ordinary relation with the mark. If a man has not lifted the gun high enough with the left hand what prevents him lifting it the necessary amount higher?' An answer, I think, is found in asking why a man whose stride is 33 does not take one of 34, as obviously he can if he attempts to do so, but the moment you divert his attention he will immediately revert to his natural stride of 33. The same with the shooter; if he aims he can shoot any stationary object and with care in aiming may be fairly successful at moving things, but this is not shooting in any sporting sense. A man to shoot well must be able to do so as his gun touches his shoulder; if he has not had much experience he will probably be shooting behind. This fault he can remedy by practice, but if he is shooting low he will never become a shot until the fault is corrected in his guns. Practice will not remedy it. An alteration is necessary to make his guns fit him. The deepened fore-end remedies the fault in a natural manner, it supplies the extra lift necessary to align the barrels which is lacking in the shooter, and it is a much more rational alteration than straightening the stock. With the fore-end deepened as required the alignment is correct at every angle; high birds, low birds or ground game, because the fault in the shooter has been remedied."

RAT EXTERMINATION.

The "Rat Week" which has recently been observed with varying thoroughness in different quarters is reminiscent of the period of food scarcity during the war. At that time the committee which had special care of game food supplies was responsible for certain propaganda work which *inter alia* included the collaboration of Mr. R. Sharpe, better known in connection with dog training, in the publication of a series of articles explaining the processes of taking rabbits. By Mr. Sharpe's own initiative entirely the series was extended so as to include an eloquent diatribe against the rat as a destroyer of much valuable food. Single-handed he fought the case for poison and convinced many who were sceptical at first that this otherwise objectionable medium provided the only means of attacking the main population so as to leave a possible task for the trap. His articles were in due course assembled in a pamphlet which was issued by the Ministry of Agriculture, the official interest so stimulated having meanwhile led to the legislative and other measures now in being. That results have been disappointing does not prove much more than that this is but one of many other ideas which, though approved in theory, have been difficult to realise in practice. Neglect of what may be termed the agricultural rat is on the same footing as many other evidences that our land is not farmed to the greatest advantage. The case of the rat is particularly interesting to shooting men, because with that of rabbits, jays, rooks, magpies and other pests of varying harmfulness its effective treatment is wrapped up in the problem of restoring game preservation.

FRESH POWER TO THE GAMEKEEPER'S ELBOW.

In the department of gamekeeping activity we have latterly witnessed an important revival of pheasant rearing; but, unhappily, vermin reduction has not progressed at an equal pace. The reason is partly the large numbers of estates which have passed out of a landlord's hands and partly the reduced staffs which are all that the majority of remaining landlords can afford under present conditions of taxation. Shooting, in a word, is in need of new outside capital to enable pre-war efficiency of method to be revived. The most promising source of the vital fluid is undoubtedly the American of substantial position who shows an ever-increasing tendency to hire as a going concern his choice among the numerous "propositions" on offer. Many Americans of sporting tendency display unmistakable symptoms of a desire to cease the rôle of birds of passage and become permanent residents. Were this possible they would doubtless acquire their holdings and run them on less stinted lines than those now enforced. The obstacle is that our income tax laws would impose on such action a very severe fine, the result being that Continental and other excursions are enforced in order to break the continuity of their stay. The position is anomalous, for surely our appreciation of the dollars they already import—in the process rectifying exchange differences—can have no limit, yet by automatic machinery we set such a limit on this very desirable class of import. If an American were really determined to buy an English shooting domain the only practical method from his standpoint would be to form a company to take over the deal, of which company he would be a customer, and in actual fact sole tenant, for a legally limited number of months in the year.

GREEN PLOVER IMMIGRANTS.

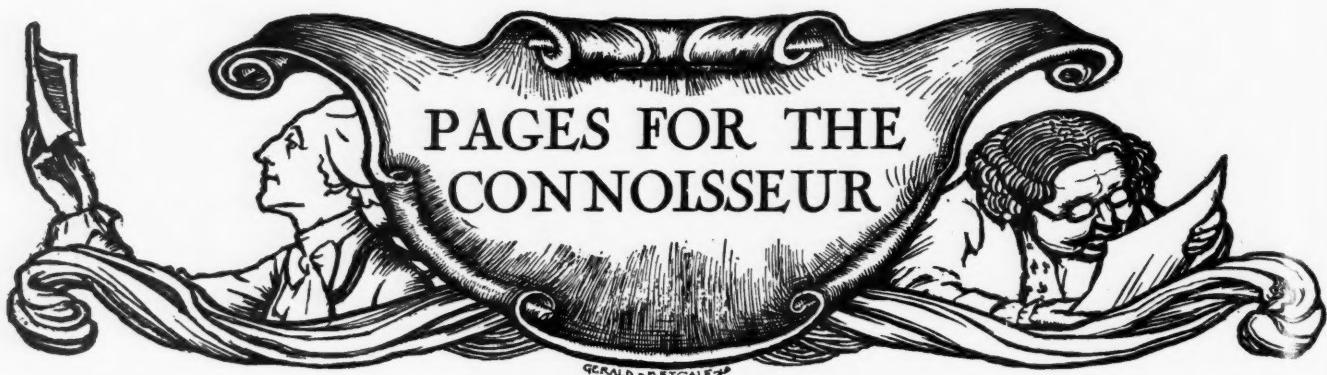
During the nesting season of the green plover and the later period when the young should have been about a good deal was said of their diminishing numbers. In answer to the general allegation against egg takers and shooters various authorities emphasised the considerable flocks which were to be seen during the winter. Within the past few weeks migration has brought them into evidence in flocks so large that they make their characteristic black line in the sky. There is really no need to forbid shooting them, for the entire party acts as a single unit and is well versed in the utmost possibilities of gun range. The only chance they offer is when an outside bird takes a wider swing than its companions in avoiding the detected gunner, so offering a chance which only skill and luck will resolve into possession. At dusk when moving to their night feeding grounds they occasionally pass low over a spot where by chance a shooter may be located with other quarry in mind. Likewise when feeding on plough land they may occasionally be driven over guns who have crept along under the shelter of a fence. But, all told, they never were a serious sporting asset and their protection in a number of counties makes but little difference. Whether they are materially better off as a consequence and may so be induced to remain to breed is quite another question. The discouraging causes are more deep-seated than the winter disturbance they have experienced in the past.

IMPROMPTU CLAY BIRD SHOOT.

The encouragement which Nobel Industries, Limited, are giving to clay bird shooting in different parts of the country has produced a fine response in the West of England. Meetings about whose success there can be no doubt have been held at Bristol, Honiton, Liskeard and Bolventor, the number of shooters attending varying from thirty to forty in the first two cases and seventy to seventy-five in the two last. Mr. A. S. McCubbin has been the live wire in these proceedings. Through the agency of the company's travellers he gains information of any quarter where a meeting may advantageously be held and in due course arranges that one of the new automatic traps shall be installed. These involve a very simple installation on the spot, hence at a few days' notice a specimen is ready to throw the approved style of bird for the entertainment of local gunners. Though such meetings may not in themselves be financially profitable to Messrs. Nobel they demonstrate to local enthusiasts the ease with which the mechanical elements of a club can be set in being, also the good fun which may be had at an expense moderate in proportion to ordinary shooting. Quite recently I heard of a private individual who wished to install a trap installation for his own amusement and the entertainment of his friends, and he was mildly surprised on making enquiries to find nobody willing to supply information concerning a scheme of undoubted commercial benefit to the trades interested. Now that assistance to private endeavour is available good use should be made of the opportunities afforded. Occasions often arise for entertaining the class which is handy with a gun but enjoys limited opportunities for its use.

WORK WITH THE HAND FLINGER.

A still simpler form of clay bird practice, though not suitable for competitive work, is obtainable with the aid of a hand flinger. My own experience of these ingenious implements proves that efficiency is soon gained in their use once a person has fallen into the knack of giving them the right sort of jerk. Though in the nature of a personal narrative an example is well worth quoting. In a field of somewhat exceptional contours a trap of the ordinary kind had been set up on an eminence, and for a time it yielded considerable amusement. A halt was, however, soon called, this because the rapid firing of fully charged cartridges caused an undesirable sense of fatigue so early in the day. Accordingly, a couple of dozen birds were stowed in a bag and the hand-flinger was slung on to the strap. Thus the party set off for one of those inconsequent wanderings where anything might turn up, though as a matter of fact didn't. At a certain spot the flinger was brought out, the conditions being a deep hollow having a shed half-way up the slope. Standing above the roof level of this shed and amply screened from the stand taken up by the shooter I delivered a succession of birds at about driven partridge height, carefully varying the intervals so as to enforce a slow speed of fire and at the same time add unexpectedness to the arrival of chances. The birds missed, together with those which had been allowed to pass by on account of indifferent throwing, were then retrieved and re-thrown. So excellent was the instruction afforded that in future a supply of birds will be taken out on every walk and practice indulged when a suitable stand has been reached. For a shooter living on the spot there is no better means of deciding why certain coveys passed by unscathed and how best to deal with them on a future occasion. From the practical experience gained on this occasion, two desiderata stand out clear; first, that lightly loaded practice cartridges should be more readily procurable than at present; second, that a better system of packing the birds for transit is necessary.



TRIPOD FURNITURE

TRIPOD furniture, that is to say, small tables, pedestals and stands resting upon a three-centred support, has the advantage of stability, of finding a level upon an uneven floor, and also of being readily portable; the tripod's "firmness in standing" is, as Hogarth writes, pleasingly conveyed to the eye, either in the form of "the three elegant claws of a table, the three feet of a tea lamp, or the celebrated tripod of the ancients." In England the tripod form appears in the scroll-footed supports of gilt pedestals and a fire screen at Hampton Court made for William III; and continued (as an alternative to the plinth) in the gilt and parcel-gilt candle stands and pedestals designed by William Kent and contemporary Palladian architects.

In the "Director," the tripod form is shown as support in illustrations of a number of fire screens and candle stands, but not of a single table. Tripod tables, however, exist of about this date having nearly always the same type of pillar, with short fluted shaft and spirally fluted or acanthus carved bulb-shaped enlargement. The inclined tripod cabriole finishes in claw and ball or scroll feet, and the tilt-up top is hinged to a colonnaded box, kept in position by a snap or spring catch. The galleried table (Fig. 5) in Mr. Percival Griffiths' collection shows the cabrioled tripod dating from about 1750, and a

rectangular top with cut corners, in which the pierced and carved gallery is of remarkable quality. In the early years of George III's reign, a spindle gallery usually takes the place of this fine carved work. The tripod table loses bulk in the middle Georgian period, and in place of the strongly modelled claw and ball foot, the cabriole terminates in the French foot, a slight scroll, which appears in the "Director." In many cases the top, which is of a single piece of wood, was sunk, except for the edge, which was cut into small scallops or curves forming a rim, which was sufficient to keep the tea cups and saucers upon the table.

In this rococo period, the standard was sometimes built up in a more elaborate fashion, the centre pillar being flanked by C scrolls and carved devices. The chocolate table from Hartwell (Fig. 3) the standard is built up of S scrolls carved with leaves and graduated cabochons. In the six-lobed top are sinkings for chocolate-cups, the middle space being left plain for the chocolate-pot and milk-jug. In the table from Bayfordbury, the fluted shaft is flanked by colonnettes rising from the volute of the scroll forming the tripod (Fig. 4).

The table with an octagonal top in Mr. Griffiths' collection (Fig. 2) shows this treatment of the tripod, and the series of scrolls grouped round the pillar. In the needle-



BOOK REST OR READING STAND WITH SCROLL LEGS, AND BALUSTER STANDARD.



OCTAGONAL TABLE WITH STANDARD FLANKED BY S SCROLLS AND NEEDLEWORK TOP.



A CHOCOLATE TABLE WITH SINKINGS FOR CUPS.

work top, an unusual detail, rustic lovers are portrayed seated on a flowery hillock, in a panel surrounded by flowers. The scroll foot continued to be made as late as 1770, when a tripod reading table (which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum) was made by William France for Lord Mansfield's library at Kenwood. The tripod stand finishes in scroll feet and the top is hinged so that it can be raised to form a reading desk with four drawers. In the reading desk or book-rest in Mr. Percival Griffiths' collection, the rest can be adjusted to the required angle, and the baluster stem is finely carved, terminating in the scroll legs which at this time usually replaced the cabriole (Fig. 1). Besides these rare and enriched examples, a number of plain tripod tables with turned standards continued to be made in the second half of the eighteenth century.

The tripod was used as the base for the pole screens in vogue during the entire Georgian period. This form was known at an earlier date, and at Ham House a tripod screen frame in iron is still preserved, dating from the late seventeenth century, having scroll shaped feet and silver finial and knobs. The cabriole legs of the early eighteenth century fire screens are usually less inclined than is the case with the tripod supports of small contemporary tables, but in other respects the treatment is similar. In the "Director," several designs for pole screens show the tripod support finishing in a scroll foot and richly elaborated. In the later eighteenth century various forms of solid base, weighted to ensure stability, largely replaced the tripod, but a tripod pole screen with cabrioled supports appears as late as the "Guide," the detail of the water leaf decoration and the vase-



TABLE WITH SCROLL FEET AND PLAIN TRAY TOP.

shaped enlargement immediately above the junction of the three feet marking the date.

The tripod form was also essential for the tall candle stands of gilt wood and mahogany which were moved about the room to light the work table, the chair or the card table. They were also, as we read in the "Guide," frequently used in halls and in large staircases. These stands were about 3 ft. 6 ins. to 4 ft. 6 ins., a convenient level for the lighting. In Mr. Griffiths' collection is a candelabra stand with double scroll tripod and hexagonal top enclosed by a delicate fretted gallery which illustrates the mid-eighteenth century preference for a storeyed system of scrolls rather than the simple pillar or baluster standard. Here the scrolls are moulded and finished here and there in crisp foliations, while the triangular plinth supporting the standard is also carved.

In the period of the classical revival under Robert Adam the tripod form approximated closely to the "celebrated tripod of the ancients" that Hogarth instances. The supports are usually simple and based on the Roman bronze tripod. In the "Works on Architecture" four designs for candle-stands are shown, one a tripod 6 ft. high, of which the long scrolls are headed with rams' heads, and support a vase bearing three candle-branches. In the torchères of gilt wood also designed by Adam for 20, St. James's Square, the plinth is faced at the angles with rams' heads, and from it rises a central baluster and three supports, upon which the platform for lights rests. The candle-stand, naturally, became of less importance with the development of lighting by oil lamps and later by gas and electricity. J.



TABLE WITH PIERCED AND CARVED GALLERY.



TABLE WITH LOBED TOP WITH CARVED AND FRETTE GALLERY

FRENCH TAPESTRIES AND A "FRENCH" CHAIR

WHILE the influence of the arts of the Far East, China and Japan, satisfied the desire of Western Europe in the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for the novel and unexplored, the charm of variety and strangeness, there was present also, but in a very minor degree, a zest for the strange and picturesque animals and inhabitants of the Indies. Thus, when the Gobelins works wished for new cartoons, Alexandre François Desportes, the painter, was called in to make a new set of "Indies" based upon the old designs. Two panels of the Nouvelles Indes, "Le Chameau" and "Le Combat d'Animaux," formerly the property of Baron Etienne de Ropp, are to be sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on November 28th. "Le Chameau" was designed by Desportes in 1737, the "Combat d'Animaux" in 1738. In the former are woven, to the right, a negro holding a grey horse, harnessed and having a rich velvet saddle-cloth; a flamingo and ibis at the foot of an apple tree; while to the left are a camel ridden by a monkey, and a llama. The monkey and camel replace, in this series, a horse mounted by an Indian in the "Anciennes Indes." There is on the lowest portion a stream filled with a variety of fishes, and just above this, in the right-hand corner, appears the date (1774) and signature (Neilson). Even finer is the second panel, the "Combat d'Animaux," which is also signed, and dated 1779. Here in the centre is a tapir attacked by a lion, and in front of this group is a wild boar chased by a tiger. In the foreground a stag has been thrown down by a white hound; and fishes in combat are visible in the stream. Among the trees overhead are a bevy of birds pursuing an owl and other birds addressed for combat. The border of the panels is formed as a gold picture frame centring, at the top, in the Royal arms of France. In 1782 the Russian Grand Duke, travelling under the name of "Comte du Nord," received with other presents during his visit to France a set of four panels of the New Indies, and in 1900 these were still at St. Petersburg.

The history of Don Quixote was a favourite with various *ateliers* of the eighteenth century; and one finely-woven panel (formerly in the collection of Prince Galcyn at Petrograd)—also to be sold on the 28th—represents the scene in which Don Quixote is entertained by a dance of the ladies of the duke and duchess's Court.

In the same sale are two upright Beauvais panels representing marble statuary (Saturn and Leda) in niches, relieved against a marbled background. In these the only note of colour is in the swags of flowers upon the plinths. There are also some important pieces of Chinese jade and a pair of Chinese silver bracket candlesticks of unusual character.

An unrecorded Rembrandt, signed and dated 1635, the property of the Hon. Mrs. Louisa Harriet Somerville or Henry of the Pavilion, Melrose, is to be sold at Messrs. Christie's on Friday, November 21st.



"DON QUIXOTE AT THE COURT OF THE DUCHESS"—LILLE TAPESTRY, 19FT. 4INS. X 10FT.

Deborah the prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, is represented in grey bodice, fichu and gold-embroidered cloak, resting her left arm upon an open book. She wears a laurel wreath in her long hair, a pearl necklace and earrings, and in the background are seen "properties," a globe, a gold helmet, and a circular shield embossed with the Medusa's head. The picture descended to Mrs. Henry from her ancestor, James, thirteenth Lord Somerville (1698-1763). The interest of the picture is heightened by the fact that Rembrandt's first wife, Saskia, who lives on so many of his canvases, and whom he had married the year before, was the model for the prophetess. There is considerable affinity between it and the artist's Sophonisba at Madrid, which was painted a year earlier; in both we have his firm and solid early manner, and forcible contrast in lighting, Deborah's face and figure being intensely illuminated against the dark background.

The first portion of the well known collection of autograph letters and historical documents illustrating the history of the French Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte (1789-1815), formed by the late Lord Crawford and Balcarras, will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on December 1st and the three following days. The letters and manuscripts of the entire collection number about nine thousand, and these are not merely autograph letters of famous persons, but often valuable historical documents selected for their intrinsic interest. Among the more important are the early letters of Napoleon, the autograph messages of Louis XVI to the National Assembly, and the documents illustrating the fall of the monarch on August 10th, 1792; the autograph manuscript of André Chenier's Ode to Charlotte Corday, "Fille grande et sublime"; and a fine letter from Nelson when only a captain, dated April, 1795, "yet in being and not swallowed up by the French," referring to a naval action fought by Hotham against the French, who were carrying an expeditionary force against Corsica under Napoleon. The letter of Jean Baptiste Carrier, one of the most bloodthirsty of the revolutionaries to the National Convention (1793), is like reading the history of this agitated period by a flash of lightning; the letter concludes with a paragraph recounting the death of fifty-eight priests, drowned in the Loire: *quel Torrent révolutionnaire que la Loire!* Upon the other side (the side of the victims), is a letter from Elizabeth of France, sister of Louis XVI, dated July 14th, 1791, describing the unhappy condition of the Royal captives. The catalogue of the first portion of the collection, which is full and carefully compiled, covers the period to the end of the Convention (November, 1795).

What Chippendale described as "French chairs" in the "Director" (1754) were at that date the most fashionable models for upholstered chairs. At Messrs. M. Harris', Oxford Street, is an armchair of "French" type, with cabriole leg finishing in the small scroll foot, and crisply carved with leaves on the seat-rail. The seat is covered with needlework upon canvas, and in the tall back is a panel of similar needlework in cross-stitch, which is secured at top and bottom by a bolt. The tall back rakes very slightly back, and the chair is said to have been used by Thomas Gainsborough for his sitters, whose heads must have been comfortably supported in position by this tall-backed unusual chair.

The attractive late eighteenth century tea-caddies at Messrs. Wilbey's, of King Street, are eloquent of the days when tea was a highly priced commodity, kept in a small, strong box under lock and key in the parlour or breakfast room. In the days of Hepplewhite and Sheraton, the favourite material for caddies was wood, mahogany, satinwood and harewood, inlaid with stringings and small paterae and shells, and they were fairly expensive to buy at this date, and in an old cost book for the year 1798, a plain mahogany tea chest, veneered with satinwood on the sides and top, and enriched only with a black string at each angle and a black band at the base, cost £3 11s. 3d.; hence the popularity of Clay's patent papier maché and the filagree or rolled paperwork ornament made by amateurs. At Messrs. Wilbey's is an octagonal caddy of dark wood, inlaid with pointed oval panels in unstained and green-stained holly upon the lid and upon each face. The subjects of these panels are varied and include a thistle, an urn and a shell. A second caddy of harewood, of oblong shape, also inlaid with holly stained green and in its natural colour, is dated 1783.

At Messrs. Sotheby, on Wednesday, November 12th, the sale of a collection of mezzotint portraits realised high prices. The highest figure for a single mezzotint was realised by a first state of Lady Elizabeth Delmé and her children, engraved by Valentine Green, after Sir Joshua Reynolds (£1,220); the proof before letters of Henry Erskine after Sir Henry Raeburn, by J. Ward, sold for £610, and the very rare pair, William Prince of Orange and Mary Princess of Orange after Hondhorst by Ludwig van Sieger, £800.

J. DE SERRE.



"FRENCH" CHAIR, CIRCA 1754, SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED FOR GAINSBOROUGH'S SITTERS.